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TOWN MEETING FAVORS CELEBRATING "FOURTH"

Everybody in Nearby Sections to be Invited.

NEXT MEETING APRIL 7

Permanent Organization Effected with Burgess Blanchard Chairman and Dorsey Hunter Secretary and Treasurer.

Bellefonte is to have a big, old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration this year—not one of your pink tea affairs, but a celebration that will have such trimmings as noise and excitement. In a word, it is intended planning a celebration that will attract visitors from all parts of the county.

A public meeting to launch the movement was held in tne Court House last night, Robert F. Hunter presiding. It was the unanimous sentiment to go ahead and arrange for a "big Fourth." A permanent organization was formed, with Burgess Edmund Blanchard as chairman, and he was empowered to appoint an Executive Committee to work with him in selecting amusements, speakers and other features, not overlooking the very important one of raising money to defray necessary expenses. Dorsey Hunter was chosen secretary and treasurer. John S. Walker, Don Wallace, Robert F. Hunter, Louis Daggett and Register Frank Smith were named as vice presidents of the association, which is to be known as the Independence Day Association of Bellefonte. Chairman Blanchard announced that a second public meeting would be held at the Court House on Wednesday evening, April 7th, at 8.30 o'clock. Meanwhile he will appoint an Executive Committee which will be divided into sub-committees and assigned to handle the various lines of work.

The sentiment of last night's meeting was that the public generally from all the surrounding country be invited to attend the celebration. Special invitations will be issued to State College, Snow Shoe, Pleasant Gap and other towns which usually hold Fourth of July celebrations, urging them to come to Bellefonte this year and help enjoy the good time that is in store.

FOUND DEAD IN FIELD

Thomas Davis, Missing for Week, Supposedly Died from Exposure.

Thomas Davis, of Fairbrook, strangely disappeared on Monday evening of last week while enroute to his home after attending a sale at State College. On Tuesday morning of this week his lifeless body was found in a field of the Charles Colombine farm, about three miles from Pine Grove Mills. It is supposed that Davis, becoming bewildered and unable to find his way home dropped in the field from exhaustion and died during the extreme cold weather. His body was found by two men while engaged in spreading manure on the Colombine farm. Its appearance indicated that Davis had been dead possibly five or six days.

Davis was about 65 years old. He stopped at the Ellery Parsons home, near Meek's church, for supper. He then resumed his journey, but never was seen alive after leaving the Parsons home. His body was found three miles from the route he should have taken to reach home.

Gettysburg Orator.

Lawyer A. A. Dale was this week the recipient of an honor of which he and his friends may well be proud. It was a formal invitation to deliver the Memorial Day address this year at Gettysburg. Some of the most prominent men in the country have been chosen for the honor in past years, and that Mr. Dale should have been selected this time is a matter for congratulation and also a tribute to his brilliance as a Memorial Day orator. The invitation was extended Mr. Dale by Corporal S. Kelly Post, No. 9, G. A. R., of Gettysburg. Dr. T. C. Billheimer, chairman of the Memorial Day Committee, in a letter to Mr. Dale on Monday, in part said: "We can insure you the inspiration which comes from a great audience and the patriotic fervor which is enkindled by a vision of a great battlefield and the thousands of our sleeping heroes in its National Cemetery. Do not forget that Old Penna. College is ready to give you a hearty welcome." The last sentence in Dr. Billheimer's letter was prompted by the fact that Mr. Dale is a graduate of Penna. College.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year.

FIRE AT AARONSBURG

Famous Old School Building Badly Damaged by Flames Last Friday.

The old Aaronsburg public school-building was badly damaged by fire last Friday afternoon. The second floor and attic of the building were destroyed before the flames could be checked by a volunteer fire brigade. The slate black boards, furniture, etc. in the building was saved.

It is supposed that the blaze was caused by an over-heated flue. With the close of the school week a large quantity of waste paper was burned in the new heating plant of the school, and it is thought that an overheated pipe set fire to woodwork underneath the roof. The flames were first discovered at that part of the building.

Originally the building was used as the old Aaronsburg Academy, and some of the county's best known lawyers received their early education there. Subsequently it was used as a High School and general public school. There were four large rooms. The building was of frame.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Frances Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

Mary Ripka, et al, to J. W. Gobble, tract in Gregg Twp.; $1,500.

Lehigh Valley Coal Company, to Lorenze Cingel, tract in Snow Shoe Twp.; $174.

Dr. J. H. Huston, et ux, to George S. Fisher, tract in Walker Twp.; $400.

Susan Stine to W. Scott Crain, tract in Worth Twp.; $90.

Andrew Lytle, et ux to W. Scott Crain tract in College Twp.; $350.

Robert Orwick, et ux, to Orvis R. Beckwith, tract in Taylor Twp.; $100.

Wm. Bennett, et ux, to S. U. Harshberger, tract in Worth Twp.; $65.

Andrew Lytle, et ux, to Frank B. Scott, tract in College Twp.; $375.

Bellefonte Cemetery Assn. to Nelson E. Robb, tract in Bellefonte Boro.; $25.

Bellefonte Cemetery Assn. to Alice A. Robb, tract in Bellefonte Boro.; $25.

Susan Housman, et bar, to Blanche E. Housman, tract in Potter Twp.; $1.

Lehigh Valley Coal Company to State-Centre Electric Co. tract in Milesburg Boro.; $500.

Nannie B. Johnston, et bar, to Sadie Emenhizer, tract in Spring Twp.; $550.

Wilson Wellington Feidt, et ux, to J. B. Krebs, tract in Ferguson Twp.; $5,800.

C. Y. Wagner, et ux, to Anna K. Wright, tract in Spring Twp.; $1,350.

Mrs. Adam Walker Dead.

Mrs. Nancy Ellen Walker, wife of Adam Walker, of Mountain Orchard, near Tyrone, passed away Monday morning at 3 o'clock. Mrs. Walker was seized with a severe cold about two weeks prior to her death and it developed into pneumonia.

She was a daughter of the late Archibald and Elizabeth Emigh and was born near the place of her death, November 8, 1854. She was married to Adam Walker, who survives as do also the following children: David P. Williams, of near Tyrone; Mrs. Bessie Walker Spicer, of Milesburg; and William and Alice at home. Samuel Emigh Van. Scoyoc, is a brother and Mrs. Elizabeth Clites and Mrs. Bertha Welsh, of Tyrone are sisters.

Catherine May Sunday Dead.

Death is sad, but doubly so when it lays its icy hand on one so full of promise as Catherine May, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Sunday, who passed away on Monday at her parents' home near Strubles after an illness of three weeks from pneumonia. She was a member of the Lutheran church and a faithful worker in all its branches, and by a large circle of admiring friends her death is sincerely mourned. At the time of death she was aged 20 years, 6 months and 16 days. Her parents and a grandmother, also several brothers and sisters survive. Burial was made in the Gatesburg cemetery Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock. Rev. L. S. Spangler officiating.

Mrs. Sarah A. Bolinger Dead.

Grandmother Sarah A., relict of David Bolinger, died at her home near Penna. Furnace last Saturday after a ten days illness from pneumonia. She was the last of the Fred Gates family to pass away. She was born March 4th, 1829, and is survived by two daughters and one son. For three quarters of a century she was an active, earnest member of the Gatesburg Lutheran church. She was buried in the Gatesburg cemetery on Monday morning at 10 o'clock, Rev. L. S. Spangler officiating.

We do all kinds of job work at "The Republican" office.

PUT SPIKES IN TIES TO DERAIL L. & T. TRAIN

Attempt to Cause Railroad Wreck Near Coburn.

DETECTIVES AT WORK

Two Young Men Arrested on Charge of Trespass but Nothing Incriminating Proved Against Them—R. R. Watering Tank Drained.

Pennsylvania Railroad detectives have been at work for some days trying to run down the guilty parties in a series of crimes nearby Coburn, including an attempt to wreck a train. In one instance the offenders drained a huge watering tank and plugged up the water pipes.

Two arrests have been made, but neither proved to be of much value. Rankin Weaver was arrested last week and committed to jail here. On Monday Charles Smith was brought to jail. Both are young men and both reside near Coburn. They were arrested on the nominal charge of trespassing on railroad property, but the real purpose was to ascertain what they might know about the attempted train wrecking. On Saturday, March 14th, some unknown persons drove railroad spikes between the ends of track rails, the spikes being so placed that had a train come along it would have been derailed. There were no trains in service on Sunday and fortunately the work was discovered before the resumption of traffic on Monday.

Weaver stoutly denied having anything to do with the job. He also claimed to know nothing about it. Smith was suspected of knowing something about it, suspicion falling upon him because he had reported the tampering with the rails some hours after he had discovered it. Weaver was given a hearing last week and on Tuesday, last, he was discharged and returned to his home. The railroad detectives believe he will be able to help them in learning who drained the watering tank and plugged the mains.

Smith was given a hearing before Squire Brown on Monday afternoon. He was positive in his declaration that he had no part in the work. He made no denial of the fact that he had not reported for some hours that he had discovered tampering with the rails. He was committed to jail for ten days on the charge of trespsss, at the expiration of which time he will be discharged unless the railroad detectives lodge additional complaints against him.

The scene of the attempted train wrecking is not one that experienced criminals would probably select to bring about a very serious accident. The ground is quite level. The theory of many persons is that the offenders were prompted by a malicious desire to annoy the railroad company and cause more or less destruction of property. At that, the spikes driven between the ends of the track rails were placed with such care that they would in all likelihood have caused an accident. This feature has puzzled the railroad detectives no little, although not sufficient to shake their belief that the culprits reside nearby Coburn.

New Motor Car Service.

The Bellefonte Central Railroad Co has purchased a gasoline motor car large enough to accommodate twenty persons with light baggage, primarily to operate between State College and Pine Grove Mills, with occasional service as required between State College and Bellefonte.

As soon as this car is in service the train schedule between State College and Pine Grove Mills in force prior to October 1st, last, will be re-established. The company has also exchanged one of its combination cars for one of the Pennsylvania Railroad's most modernly equipped wooden cars' and this will be received here in the near future. This will give the company two modernly equipped passenger coaches.

Gave "Billy" Sunday $51,136.85.

"Billy" Sunday closed his eleven-week campaign in Philadelphia last Sunday and left for Winona, Ind., where he will rest until the opening of his Paterson, N. J., campaign. The evangelist addressed four crowded meetings in the tabernacle on Sunday and 1,858 converts signed pledge cards, bringing the total for the entire campaign to 41,724. A check for $51,136.85, the amount of the free-will offering received by the committee up until Saturday night was given to the evangelist. The Sunday collections, amounting to nearly $2,500 will be turned over to local charities at the request of Mr. Sunday.

SHAKE-UP OF PASTORS BY M. E. CONFERENCE

Bishop Burt Makes Many Changes in Appointments.

DR. YOCUM RETURNED

Popular Pastor of Local Church to Serve Here Another Year—Milesburg and Pleasant Gap Ministers Assigned to New Charges.

Sweeping changes among ministers were made by Bishop Burt in the appointments announced on Tuesday at the closing session of the Central Pennsylvania Methodist Episcopal Conference held at Shamokin. Hardly a single district in the entire conference escaped without numerous changes, there seeming to be a general shake-up all along the line. The conference voted to meet next year at Altoona. Lewistown asked for the session of 1917.

Particularly gratifying to the people of Bellefonte is the reappointment of Rev. Dr. E. H. Yocum to the local church. Williamsport and Lock Haven figured extensively in the shifting about of ministers for the coming year. Rev. Dr. Edwin A. Pyles who has been pastor of Pine Street church, Williamsport for six years, will go to Fifth Street, Harrisburg, and he will be followed at Pine Street by the Rev. B. H. Hart. This is a transfer of pastors. The Rev. Oliver S. Metzler, of Mulberry Street church, Williamsport goes to Trinity church, Lock Haven. Rev. Dr. B. H. Mosser is appointed to Mulberry Street. Rev. M. S. Derstine is moved to a Tyrone church and will be followed at Third Street, Williamsport, by the Rev. H. D. Flanagan, of Shamokin. Rev. W. Fletcher Biddle is transferred to Fifth Avenue church, Altoona and the Rev. J. H. Mortimer, of Altoona succeeds him as pastor of the Grace church, Williamsport.

Rev. Horace Lincoln Jacobs of First church, Altoona, goes to the superintendency of the Williamsport district and the Rev. Emory M. Stevens is moved to the superintendency of the Juniata district. Rev. A. Lawrence Miller goes to the Bloomsburg church to succeed Rev. Edgar H. Heckman, who is made the pastor of the First church at Altoona. Rev. John H. Daugherty of Ridge Avenue, Harrisburg, goes to St. Paul's Sunbury while Rev. Alexander Lamberson is moved to the Juniata church. Rev. D. J. Frum, who has been pastor of the Pleasant Gap church, is transferred to the Allegheny charge, in the Altoona district. His successor at Pleasant Gap is Rev. J. H. McKechnie. Rev. H. K. Ash is transferred from Milesburg to Newton Hamilton, being succeeded at the former charge by Rev. W. A. Lepley. Appointments included the following:

Bellefonte, E. H. Yocum.
Flemington, W. Moss.
Half Moon, F. A. Lawson.
Howard, J. E. Dunning.
Karthaus, J. F. Cobb (supply).
Milesburg and Unionville, W. A. Lepley.
Mill Hall, E. E. Ilginfritz.
Osceola Mills, H. H. Crotslein.
Penns Valley, W. H. Williams.
Philipsburg, A. L. Miller.
Pleasant Gap, J. H. McKechnie (supply).
Port Matilda, J. E. Jacobs.
Salona and Lamar, W. B. Cook.
Sandy Ridge and Clearfield, G. H. Knox (supply).
Snowshoe, I. S. Hodgson.
State College, J. M. Reiley.
Allegheny, David J. Frum (supply).
Pine Grove Mills, A. A. Price.
Tyrone, Columbia Avenue, M. S. Derstine; First church, G. M. Glenn.
Warriors Mark, E. C. Keboch.

During the sessions of Conference the following were advanced from the third to the fourth year's studies: H. F. Babcock, Bakertown; E. A. Davidson, Littlestown; C. A. Sauter, Blackwell; H. T. Stong, Centre; J. V. Wagner, Riverside; W. H. Williams, Penns Valley; D. A. Sower, Lock Haven; George Martin, Buck Horn.

At the ordination service on Sunday afternoon J. T. Williammee, Coalport; L. W. McGarvey, York Springs, and R. S. Caldwell, Mercersburg, were ordained elders. The following were ordained deacons. W. B. Cook, Port Matilda; C. F. Himes, Millerstown; I. S. Hodgson, Snow Shoe; J. E. Jacobs, Selinsgrove; H. L. Jarrett, Cross Ford; F. A. Lawson, Stormstown.

School House Burned.

The Woodward Township High School building, in Clearfield County, was destroyed by fire on Monday, entailing a loss of $12,000. It was built in 1892.

CLARA VALENTINE
A Tribute.

One of the most amiable traits of our common human nature is the disposition to speak well of the dead. We find this thought imbedded in the earliest literature as a positive precept. So universal it is to eulogize those that have passed away, that too often the kind and beautiful things so said are received as conventional or, at least, common place, and invariably much allowance is made for our tributes of sorrow and sympathy.

But an unusual life has just gone out from among us. For seventy-eight years Clara Valentine has lived in Bellefonte and her life has touched the lives of several generations. Though gentle and modest, she has been an active influence for all that is sweet and holy. God made her soul naturally a timid, shrinking one, but in the service of her Saviour she always cast from her the trammels of fear, and because of her strong love for her fellow-man never shrank from contact with suffering, with sorrow, or the degraded. Modest as the violet she necessarily exhaled the exquisite perfume of sacrifice and love. To do good he visited the sick, brought her prayers and gifts to the prison, her sympathy to sthe sorrowing, and the message of our Saviour to every sinful heart to which she could gain access. Underneath all her gentleness there was an unyielding will in every contest or struggle for the Master's cause. Repeated backslidings by the one for whom she was striving never discouraged her: others migh, frequently lose all hope, abandon the man or woman as hopeless, but so perfect was her faith in the power of her Saviour that she has won many souls, reclaimed many fallen men, after every other one had finally abandoned them.

Clara Valentine had sympathy for every good work. She was ardent in the cause of temperance and in the reclamation of fallen women, equally so for the protection of childhood, but above all other work it became manifest that her heart was supremely interested in the salvation of men and women through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Her later years were clouded with much physical suffering—a suffering that had its frequent climaxes in intense agony, but her Gethsamane showed only patience, love and an almost unearthly happiness. Advanced age and this physical condition compelled her to withdraw from the more active outward duties, and shut her more and more within the family circle. Here her whole life work seems almost superhuman. None within that family circle can recall in her the usual frailties and weaknesses of our common human nature. The writer does not claim that she reached perfection on earth, but he does speak the voice of her family, friends and relatives in testifying that her entire life was an exquisite sermon, expressing visibly and in the flesh the beauties of the doctrines of our Saviour, and a demonstration far beyond logic or reason of the actualities of the Christian religion. It was an inestimable privilege to come in contact with that life, and to meet and to converse with a saint whose life radiated the meekness, the gentleness, the faith and the love of the Sermon on the Mount.

Other of our citizens have achieved for themselves distinction and honors, of which all Bellefonte is proud, but no one in the active living or in the beautified dying has done more to convince men and women of the conquering power of faith over weakness and of a demonstration that is still possible for the sons and daughters of men to lead a life emptied of self and glowing only in love for God and their fellow-man.

The end was beautiful and fitting—as her life was a benediction so her death impressed her mortal friends only as a translation.

ELLIS L. ORVIS.

Cantata.

On April 2d, Good Friday, beginning at 7.45 P. M., at St. John's Episcopal church, an augumented choir will render a beautiful and impressive cantata entitled, "The Story of Calvary", by Thomas Adams, a noted English composer. The music wonderfully portrays the words of the sad story. Soloists will be Mr. and Mrs. R. Russell Blair, Mr. John M. Bullock and Mr. Harrison Rick.

Want License Transferred.

A petition has been filed with Judge Orvis by Michael Parado and Conrad Guschak, proprietors of the Ramsdale Hotel, at Philipsburg, asking for the transfer of the liquor license of that hotel to Mr. Guschak. Mr. Parado is retiring from the firm.

County to Pay Cost.

A bill has been introduced in the Legislature at Harrisburg placing on the several counties the cost of holding primary elections. At present the cost is placed on the State.

GOVERNOR DETERMINED TO PASS LOCAL OPTION

Brumbaugh at Breakimg Point with Leaders.

"IN FIGHT TO FINISH"

Harrisburg Looks for Strenuous Contest in Next Few Weeks—Both Sides to Have Public Hearing on Bill Now in Committee.

Harrisburg despatches say that Governor Brumbaugh and some of the Republican leaders are on the verge of an open break on the question of local option. The Governor is making a determined fight to pass his local option bill and at a conference with some of the party leaders on Monday night he insisted on a showing of hands.

Senator McNichol, of Philadelphia, is reported as having said he was committed against local option but that he might change his course two years hence. Senator Vare, of Philadelphia, did not declare himself, and as a consequence the Vare followers in the Legislature are being claimed by both "wets" and drys." Friends of Governor Brumbaugh predict that if the local option forces can muster sufficient strength to win with the Vare support the Vares will line up on that side of the question. Lieut. Gov. McClain declared himself against the Governor's bill.

Senator Crow, who is Republican State Chairman, declared that the Republican State organization had not attempted to influence a single member of the House one way or another. He declared that while he stood opposed to local option he would reverse his attitude and vote for the Governor's bill if it could be shown that the organization had taken or is taking any hand in the matter. He asserted that the matter was one for each member of the Legislature to decide for himself.

On Tuesday Governor Brumbaugh held a further conference with Senators McNichol and Vare. The latter declined to say what had been discussed. The Governor issued a statement declaring that the fight for his bill would be carried to the finish. It is not likely that the House will vote on it until the second or third week in April. Meanwhile there will be public hearings on the bill.

Fayette Judge Resigned.

With impeachment proceedings in the Legislature confronting him, Judge Umbel, of Fayette County, on Monday forwarded his resignation to Governor Brumbaugh. Charges of collecting exhorbitant campaign contributions from saloon keepers and breweries were filed against Judge Umbel at the last Legislature, but an investigation could not be completed before adjournment. Recently Judge Umbel signed a written agreement to resign from the bench in 1917 if impeachment proceedings would not be submitted to the present Legislature. This agreement was published in the newspapers and resulted in impeachment proceedings being filed by new parties. On the day before the matter was to be taken up by the Legislature Judge Umbel resigned.

Hotel Men to Appeal.

Perry county hotel men on Monday appealed to the Superior Court from the decision of Judge W. N. Seibert making the county "dry." The appeals filed do not include all of the licenses refused a week ago but are those of ten men whose applications were held to be defective because of advertising details. The other six were refused for cause and have as yet taken no steps to contest the decree which becomes effective on April 1.

The appeal is fixed for the next sitting in Harrisburg, which will be in 1916, but it is believed that it will be advanced to Pittsburg and argued during the sitting commencing in the western city on April 19. The Tioga county license appeals are due to be presented at that time.

Mrs. Mary Greth Dead.

Mrs. Mary Greth died at her late home at Mill Hall at 3 o'clock Wednesday morning. Deceased formerly resided in Bellefonte and was the mother of Mrs. Edward Powers, of this place. Funeral services will be held at Mill Hall on Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Interment in Cedar Springs cemetery.

To Consolidate Penitentiaries.

Representative Hess, of Logcaster, on Tuesday introduced a bill in the House at Harrisburg to provide for consolidating the Eastern and Western Penitentiaries when the new farm prison nearby Bellefonte has been advanced to that point in construction that such a merger would be feasible.

ESSAYS ON ALCOHOL

Two Interesting Papers Read at Recent W. C. T. U. Prize Contest.

We publish below two of the essays on alcohol read at the recent W. C. T. U. contest:

EFFECT OF ALCOHOL

By Frances E. Willard.

As I write I have two vials before me with which I am experimenting. They each contain a colorless liquid. To the sight and touch they are exactly alike. When I raise the vials to my nostrils, one has an agreeable odor while the other has no odor at all. I next touch the tips of my fingers, moistened with the fluid, to my tongue. From the one with the agreeable odor I experience a sharp, burning sensation, but from the other there is no taste. No taste did I say? Rather let me say it is the only taste that satisfies us when we are thirsty. Nothing else takes the place of pure water and nature has supplied us most abundantly. In Bellefonte there is no possible excuse for drinking anything which contains the fluid in the other vial, for that is alcohol.

Alcohol is not a product of nature but the result of man's genius and skill. It has no food properties, nothing that goes to build up the tissues of the body, but on the contrary is a poison.

Dr. T. D. Crothus, in the Albany Medical Annals, of January, says: "Alcohol in any form, taken into the body as a beverage, is not only a poison, but produces other poisons. Alcohol is not a tonic, or so-called stimulant. It is an anesthetic. It increases the waste products of the body and diminishes the power of the body to get rid of them. It destroys the phagocytes of the blood, and this lessens the digestive power of the blood cells."

I could quote from many prominent physicians to show that alcohol is a poison, but we have only to look around us at the habitual alcohol user, to see the fatal effects on his system. It does not kill immediately. It undermines his bodily structure, diminishing his health, impairing his muscular activity and capacity and more than all shortening life.

I quote the following from C. R. Drysdale, M. D.; "British statistics prove that total abstainers from wine, beer, and spirits live longer—perhaps ten years longer, if they commenced at twenty—than persons who use alcoholic drinks. This tends to prove that alcohol is a poison, not a food, and that all use of it is abuse."

Another writer says: "Alcohol poisons the nerves, and diminishes their sensibility. Humanity cannot adapt itself to such poisons. It will set its use aside or degenerate."

Thus one by one the popular alcoholic delusions are being dispelled by scientific experts who make a thorough study of the alcohol question. No well read person denies that alcohol is a terrible poison.

Alcohol disposes the body to acute diseases in every form and excites fevers in persons predisposed to them from other causes. Thus, when fevers have smitten southern cities alcohol users have seldom escaped, and rarely recovered because the stomach that is poisoned by the habitual use of alcohol does not respond to the medicine.

The most noticeable and best known effect of alcohol upon the tissues is the extraction of water or fluid portion of the tissues. Alcohol has an intense affinity for water and will aborb to itself the juices of the tissues leaving them dry, and creating an intense thirst for water. The next noticeable effect which alcohol has is partial paralysis of the arterioles. The function of the arterioles is to control the passage of blood to the capillaries, acting as a sort of a valve or gate-way, permitting only so much blood to get into the capillaries, and regulating the amount of flow. The action of alcohol is to paralyze the arterioles, opening wide the gates, allowing the blood to pass without any obstruction into the capillaries. This produces temporary congestion of the capillaries, and by removing the natural obstruction to the circulation, the heart is suddenly released from the necessity of pumping the blood against the resistance of the arterioles. This makes the heart beat much faster, exactly as a clock ticks faster when released from the obstruction of the pendulum. Alcohol does not stimulate the heart, but by its paralyzing effect on the arterioles the natural labor of the heart is temporarily removed and the consequence is increased activity of the heart, not from increased strength, but because its physiological burden is removed. This accounts for the short period of exhilaration experienced by those who indulge in alcoholic beverages.

Whether alcohol is a benefit to the system or not has not been exactly determined. Some good authorities believe it to be a food. That a portion of it is decomposed in the digestive organs, the same as any other food, and appropriated for strength and heat making purposes.

Dr. Winfield Scott Hall in discussing on the subject "Is Alcohol a Food" says: "It will be necessary first to consider what alcohol is, and second to consider what food is, and its influences upon the organisms; then we shall be in a position to say, once for all whether or not alcohol is a food. Professor Martin of Johns Hopkins University gives the following conditions which a food must satisfy; "First it must build up new tissue or repair old tissue; second through its oxidation it must supply the energy which the body receives; third neither the food itself nor any of its products within the body can be injurious to the system otherwise the substance is not a food but a poison. These definitions clearly exclude alcohol from food substance.

A few words regarding the nature of alcohol will reveal at once its true relations to life. Alcohol is one of the substances formed by the yeast plant. This plant is a live organism conforming in many respects to the low forms of animal life. It lives upon sugar, it eats sugar, and this becomes decomposed into alcohol and carbonic acid gas. The yeast plant throws alcohol and carbonic acid gas out of its body in order that it be not poisoned. A substance which would poison the yeast plant, if retained will poison any of the higher plants or animals. This is in accordance with one of the laws of life; namely, that a substance which poisons one form of living organism will poison any living organism of higher rank. This reveals to us the reason why it is that alcohol is a poison to all forms of animal life, and it also reveals why it cannot in the nature of the case serve as a food.

COMMENTS ON ALCOHOL

By Regina Brandman.

Alcohol is a poison which in sufficient quantities will cause death, in small quantities, its poisonous effects may show themselves more slowly, and thus escape notice for a time. It is classed among the poisons by medical writers on poisons. It is ranked among the poisons from its effects on the body analogous to those of the other poisons. It is also ranked among poisons by physiologists, chemists, physicians, and all who have experimented, studied and written upon the subject, and who, therefore, best understand it. It is not necessary to the actions of the poisons that they be always swallowed in fatal doses.

Alcohol, in its effects upon the living system is first an irritant, and afterward when it has entered the circulation it becomes a narcotic. Were alcohol an irritant only, a man would as soon poison himself with arsenic or aquafortis. This narcotic element is the siren that leads him on to ruin and to death.

Alcohol can be made out of anything that contains sugar. It is only necessary to add yeast, or to allow it to stand uncovered in a warm place. In raising bread, the sugar which is contained in the flour is changed into alcohol and carbonic-acid gas. This is fermentation. But the heat of the oven causes the small portion of alcohol to evaporate. The carbonic-acid gas, after puffing up the loaf, and making it light, also disappears.

Alcohol is a neutral compound of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, which, by the action of acids, forms ether. In its common definition, it is that inflammable volatile, spiritious liquid which is the intoxicating principle in spirits, wines and beers.

It can be said of all alcoholic liquors, that there is nothing in them so desirable as to make it worth while to use them unless it can be shown that the alcohol is needed. In studying the relation of alcohol to foods, we are first impressed by the fact that it is not found in nature, as are such foods as are essential for the maintenance of life and health. No analysis of foods even finds it present in them as an article to be taken into the human system.

On turning to the physiology of digestion of foods in the system, we find nothing whatever to indicate that it was ever intended to be used by mankind as a food. Every advance in chemistry, and in the knowledge of the relations of food to human force and vitality, has been an advance away from the recognition of alcohol.

Before chemistry assigned alcohol its proper place, experience had classed it among the toxics. Toxic is the Greek word for poison. Persons affected by it were not said to be fed overmuch, but to be intoxicated. We can turn to no book today, in chemistry or hygiene, and find it treated among the articles of food.

As a rule, the serious fact in reference to alcohol is that it interferes with nutrition. It not only lacks food value of its own, but it also detracts from the real value of foods.

Experience has preceded science in crossing it from daily rations. This is the more significant, because the tables of food intended for soldiers, for sailors, or for those in institutions, and for invalids, have been studied out by the very highest authorities, and have been tested by the most exact experience.

It has been while in search after the best methods for getting the most intense force and power of endurance out of men in national service by sea and by land, that this evil spirit has been cast out. All other considerations have been thrust aside, and on this material basis alcohol has been retired from service. Where continuous power is desired for efficient use it has no place.

In training for athletic sports or manual contests, it is rigidly excluded from the dietary even of those who have been accustomed to its use. It utterly fails to be a nutrient or to answer the purposes for which foods are intended.

The athlete training for a prize, knows well, that, if he indulges freely in alcoholic drinks, he will surely fail to bring his muscles to a hard and vigorous condition. Total abstinence from alcohol is important for his success.

It accomplishes so much injury to human life and health, that it ought to be prohibited from general use. Even rye would be prohibited from use if no rye could be had which had not ergot in it, and if the disease known as ergotism came to be prevalent among the people, as is disease from alcohol.

The deleterious effects of all alcoholic liquids have so impressed most governments that restrictive measures have been adopted as to the sale of such liquors and their sale entirely prohibited or discouraged so far as minors are concerned.

It is true that men distinguished for strength of body are often users of intoxicating drinks. But it is also true that such men frequently become diseased and die before their time. They have squandered the powers which nature has given them.

It is a very sad fact, that the evil that men do lives after them. The iniquities, of the fathers are visited upon the children. By an inflexible law of nature, the effects of alcohol are not expended upon the user alone. Morbid cravings for drink, tendencies to disease, weakness of body, mind and character, are the heritage of misery which he bestows upon his offspring.

One of the most wonderful things, about our bodies is, that they will change so as to suit the conditions in which they are. If a man has to work with his arms, they grow large and strong. If the skin is exposed to the weather, it loses its smoothness, and becomes hard. The stomach was made to digest wholesome food. If a man insists on making it a receptacle for burning liquors, Nature straightway begins to adopt it to that use. The delicate membrane grows tough. The mucus which naturally moistens it becomes thick and ropy, so as to protect the surface. Some of the little glands which pour out the gastric juice are destroyed. Those which remain are unhealthy. If the process is carried far enough, he has a pouch which gladly receives alcohol, but its usefulness as a stomach is greatly impaired.

King alcohol is an enemy to reason, and, once admitted, he may dethrone the rightful sovreign at any moment. A little alcohol may make the surgeon's hand unsteady, the engineer's judgment unsound. It may loose the tongue that has a secret to keep. It may unbalance the mind that has important questions to decide.

FACT

Local Evidence.

Evidence that can be verified.
Fact is what we want.
Opinion is not enough.
Opinions differ.
Here's a Bellefonte fact.
You can test it.

Mrs. J. C. Johnson, 365 E. Bishop St., Bellefonte, says: "I was a great sufferer from backache and pains across my loins and I could hardly get about the house. Dizzy spells came over me and I nearly fell I was restless at night and my kidneys caused me a lot of annoyance. My husband had used Doan's Kidney Pills and advised me to try them. I took two boxes, which I got at Green's Pharmacy Co. and they did me more good than anything I had previously tried. The backache and pains disappeared and my kidneys became normal. I now feel better in every way. Doan's Kidney Pills certainly cured me and I can recommend them highly."

A PERMANENT CURE.

On April 22, 1914, Mrs. Johnson said: "Time has proven that Doan's Kidney Pills are a reliable remedy. The cure they made for me some time ago has been permanent. I have been asked time and time again by friends who have seen my endorsement in the papers about this remedy and in every case, I have advised its use. I am indeed, happy to confirm my former statement."

Price 50c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Johnson had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Local Druggist Makes Many Friends

Green's Pharmacy Company reports they are making many friends through the QUICK benefit which Bellefonte people receive from the simple mixture of buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., known as Adler-i-ka. This remedy became famous by curing appendicitis and it is the most thorough bowel cleanser known, acting on BOTH the lower and upper bowel. JUST ONE DOSE of Adler-i-ka relieves constipation and gas on the stomach almost IMMEDIATELY.

EASTER EXCURSION
TO
Atlantic City
Cape May, Wildwood
Ocean City, Sea Isle City, Anglesea
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Saturday, April 3d, 1915
$8.50 from Bellefonte
25 cents additional to Atlantic City via Delaware River Bridge Route
Tickets will be accepted on regular trains April 3, or on train leaving Bellefonte 8.33 P. M. April 2 and will be good returning within sixteen days.
Stop-over allowed at Philadelphia
Full particulars of Ticket Agents or David Todd, Division Passenger Agent, Williamsport, Pa.
Pennsylvania R. R.

UNHONORED AT HOME

LIST OF THE GREAT UNAPPRECIATED BY COUNTRYMEN.

America Has Had Many, Even in Recent Years—Germany's Ingratitude to Those Who Made Her Immortal in Literature.

Poe was chiefly a drunkard to his contemporaries; the gentle Emerson, our one great philosopher, was abused for his candor; Walt Whitman was howled down, and our one genius as a painter, Whistler, lived abroad his life long. Thoreau was considered as no great "shakes," and Henry James is a dweller under foreign tents.

Germany, too, has a little list: Goethe, who was early damned an "immoral" and an epicurean when his land was occupied by Napoleon (the Little Corporal knew better; "Voile un homme!" he exclaimed). Heine died in exile as "M. Henri Heine, poete et raconteur," at Paris. Schopenhauer and Nietzsche abused their native country in language that still glitters with irony and hatred. Richard Wagner had no reason to love Germany, and there is Beethoven, who lived and died in Vienna; Handel, an Englishman by adoption; Schumann, and many others, who suffered from neglect. In our own days Richard Strauss and Arnold Schoenberg are victims.

In France the number of disconcerts, Rabelais, Pascal, Rousseau (Montaigne was too sensible, Voltaire too pugnacious to be crushed), Victor Hugo, Baudelaire, Flaubert (the two last named were publicly prosecuted for "obscene" writings—stupendous), Berlioz (adjudged a madman), Balzac, Pasteur, Verlaine, Manet, Monet—how many more? Mind you, I don't say that these men were all model citizens; but they were men of genius (Claude Monet still lives, honored in his old age), and were persecuted. Edouard Manet as bitterly as was Richard Wagner.

Italy: Dante, august name, mighty poet, "solitary pacer of the shore;" Tasso, Columbus, Galileo, Leopardi, Carducci. Even little Holland allowed Rembrandt, Vermeer and Spinoza to die obscurely. Ireland among others can show James Clarence Mangan—now don't say, "it's a pity he drank!"—and John M. Synge. Scotland has Burns as an "awful" example, while England is first in the field as the mother of poets: Milton, Blake, Shelley, Keats, Byron, Browning, Shelburne, Meredith, Landor and Harvey, Darwin, De Foe, Bunyan could all tell tales of neglect, contumely, even worse.

Spain scorned her greatest writer, Cervantes; Sweden her mystic Swedenborg, her gifted Strindberg. Ibsen, like Dante, lived in exile, solitary and abused by the world. Lenan of Hungary died mad.

Russia was not too gentle in her handling of Dostoievsky—who was shipped to Siberia ten years ago. Tolstoy was hated by the throne. Turgenev was self-exiled, but occasionally was imprisoned on his country estate by the authorities. Poland's bard, Adam Micklewicz, fled to Paris; even the spiritual Chopin, psychically brave, as his music proves, left Warsaw forever for Paris.

This list might easily be lengthened. I avoid mention of Socrates, Jesus Christ, Mahomet, Moses, Maimonides, Luther, Loyola and Savonarola, because they are victims to the worst passions of mankind—the passion aroused by theological odium. Such serene souls as Shakespeare, Da Vinci, Velasquez, Montaigne, never became embroiled in politics or religious rows. If you are ever assailed with any of the great names, simply reply with the question: "How were they treated during their lifetime by their fellow countrymen?"—Puck.

Preventing Soil Erosion.

Soil erosion is doing business damage constantly, and few people know how to apply preventive measures. In the annual report of the bureau of soils of the department of agriculture a simple method of handling one class of erosions is described. This is the case where the soil is being washed away in gullies, and the remedy is to build a dam across the incipient gully, through which a sewer pipe is passed, connecting with an upright pipe situated at the upper side of the dam. The hollow formed by the dam will fill with water in flood conditions until the top of the upright pipe is reached, when the excess of water runs off quietly into the next field or into another impounding space below. The cutting current of the draining water is stopped and the sediment carried by it settles above the dam, thus tending to repair the damage previously done. A suitable tile drain located under the dam will dispose of the water impounded below the opening of the upright pipe.

Realistic Maneuvers.

The Turkish army might possibly be putting up a better fight just now had it been trained according to the methods adopted by one of its earlier commanders. Lord Broughton notes in his diary of January 18, 1833, that he "met Nahmek Pasha, the Turkish ambassador, at the lord chancellor's dinner table. He gave us an account of the present grand vizier, whom he described as being very 'vif' when maneuvering his troops in sham battles; so lively, indeed, that he made them fire bullets, and charge with bayonets and kill one another, although in private life he was a mild man."—London Chronicle.

Read This---It is Worth While.

Ohio has the famous blue sky law and the Republic Casualty Co. of Cleveland is the only company of that kind in that great State. Though only a little over a year old the statement below makes a great showing for a growth unparalleled. Read it.

The Republic Casualty Co. of Cleveland Ohia. Financial Statement.
February 1, 1915.

Assets		
Cash		$180,519.94
Investments		
Bonds	36,450.00	
Mortgages	200,865.32	
Stocks	16,425.00	$253,740.32
Collateral Loans		$127,085.66
Real Estate		9,509.72
Notes Rec. Stock Subscriptions		41,703.00
Other Accounts Rec. & Agts. Bal.		33,096.79
Accrued Interest		9,617.90
Printing & Stat. Inventory		8,000.00
Office Furniture and Fix.		828.05
		$864,099.38
Liabilities		
Reserve for Claims		30,439.00
" " Reinsurance		25,093.13
" " Deprec. & Con.		35,000.00
" " Taxes		2,164.00
Unearned Premiums		1,767.68
Capital Stock		389,350.00
Surplus		179,285.57
		$864,099.38

This Company writes over thirty lines of casualty insurance in many states and of interest to Centre Countians is that the stock is one-tenth owned in Centre County alone, and by some of their best business people, a few of whom have visited Cleveland and made a thorough investigation of all the phases of the Company. If you are interested in a safe, sure, and an ever-increasing but permanent investment no matter how the times, write or phone immediately for further information to the representative of the Company at the Bush House, Bellefonte, Pa.

Statement.

Statement of ownership, management, etc., as required by Act of August 24, 1912, of The Republican, published weekly at Bellefonte, Pa.

Editor, Chas. E. Dorworth, Bellefonte, Pa.

Publisher, Chas. E. Dorworth, Bellefonte, Pa.

Owner, Chas. E. Dorworth, Bellefonte, Pa.

No bond-holders.

(Signed)
Chas. E. Dorworth.

Sworn to March 23, 1915, before J. C. Furst, Notary Public.

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For Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teeth-Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and are a pleasing remedy for Worms. Used by Mothers for 26 years. They never fail. At all druggists, 25c. Sample free. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

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contains gardening knowledge that is the result of practical experience, and Cultural articles written by experts. It is full of information valuable to both amateur and professional gardeners. The list of worthy novelties and old favorites in both Flowers and Vegetables is complete and dependable. Especially noteworthy are the sections devoted to Roses, Dahlias and Hardy Perennials.

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BACHELOR HOOKED AT LAST

His Feelings May Have Been a Surprise to Spinster, but You Never Can Tell.

"Ah," said the bachelor, as he spread his legs out toward the fireplace and puffed his pipe to his heart's content, "this is what I call solid comfort. Glad your brother got married to supply it for me. Most considerate of him."

"Oh, indeed! Well, he did no such thing; so you can save your thanks. You always accuse people of your own odd motives. Bob and Nellie married for love, of course. But you don't know anything about that," retorted the spinster.

"Oh, don't I?" yawned the bachelor with a teasing glint in his eyes. "I've had a few platonic friendships in my time, if I do say it as shouldn't."

"Yes, and a lot of good it did you. There's Dolly Gibbs, the sweetest little girl you ever flirted with, and what did she do? She broke her heart waiting for you, and married that old fool Wilkins out of pique. You ought to be ashamed to boast of such things. Men are worms, anyhow!"

"That's not true about Dolly and me; besides, she never cared for me at all. She knew I was interested in someone else all the time. Women are blind, sometimes."

"They see through everything, my dear old ignoramus. And I'd like to see the woman who could interest the likes of you," added the spinster crossly.

"Did you ever look in the mirror, my dear?" asked the bachelor, as he abandoned his pipe. "You knew that I was interested in you all along, I suppose. Women always see through everything—especially bachelors."

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance

Cracks in Floors

Are unsightly, unclean and unsanitary.

GRIPPIN'S FLOOR CRACK FILLER

is the "Standard" and permanent remedy. Easily applied by anyone. Costs about $1 per room. Sold by dealers in Paints—but refuse all substitutes. Our free booklet on how to finish floors will save you $5. Address Grippin Mfg. Co., Newark, New York.

A HARD BLOW

for you if you were to lose the receipts and cash you now carry about. How much better off you would be if you had an account at the Bellefonte Trust Company Bank. Then your cash would be always safe. The cancelled checks would be receipts that could be verified any time. Think it over and you'll start to-day.

Bellefonte Trust Company,

Allegheny Street Bellefonte, Pa.

A Mind Reading Craze

By MARTHA V. MONROE

A mind reader had come to town and had given some astonishing public exhibitions. But this had not the effect on the beau monde of an exhibition he gave at the house of Mrs. MacGruder, one of society's leaders. This private entertainment made him fashionable, and every young man who had shaken his brains down into his heels at cotillion parties and every young girl whose aristocratic manners and conserved beauty had given her the right to look down on her sisters who had the brains to take down the dictation of a scientific constructor or a merchant prince was talking about mind reading.

Pete Barnical and Lucy Witridge were sitting together, she on a sofa, he in a chair opposite her. He was holding a skein of yarn on his hands which she was winding into a ball.

"I have heard," said Miss Witridge, "that Mrs. Powelton is very much displeased that Mrs. MacGruder got ahead of her by giving that mind reading exhibition at her house. You see, all society is talking about it. Of course it is greatly to Mrs. MacGruder's credit to have introduced the matter."

"Did the mind reader find out who had the most mind?"

"I don't think that was his object. He told what people were thinking about."

"What were they thinking about?"

"What a question! It wasn't that which was wonderful; it was that he could tell without knowing what they were thinking about."

"How could he tell what he didn't know?"

She lifted her big brown liquid eyes from a tangle in the yarn she was straightening out to his with a kind of puzzled wonder.

"I didn't mean to say," she replied when she had given her brain time to work out an answer, "that he could tell what a person was thinking about without knowing it, but he d in't know it until—until"—

"He found it out," supplied Pete.

"No, not that either. The remarkable feature of his performance was the way he found it out."

"How did he do it?"

"How did he do it? Why, he did it by"— She was stalled again.

"Perhaps he didn't know himself."

"That's it. He said he didn't know how he did it."

"What did he do?"

"He took Billy Perkins' hand and, blindfolded, led Billy to what he was thinking about. Then Mr. Horton wrote something on a piece of paper, folded it, put it in an envelope, put the envelope in a book, put the book on the top of the library, and then the"—

"Where did he put the library?"

"The library! He didn't put that anywhere. It was there already."

"Well, then what happened?"

"The mind reader told what was written on the paper, though he had been blindfolded all the time."

"That's nothing remarkable. I'll bet I can tell what you're thinking about this minute."

"I don't believe you can do any such thing."

"Try me. Think of something, and I'll tell you what it is."

"Very well; I've thought of something."

"A pumpkin."

There was contempt in her expression as she looked at him and replied that she wasn't thinking of any such thing.

"Yes, you were. You were thinking of Tom Baxter. You couldn't think of Tom Baxter without thinking of Tom Baxter's head. Tom Baxter's head is a pumpkin!"

"How ridiculous!" But she did not smile. Indeed, she made the exclamation because she didn't quite grasp the logical conclusion.

"I'll tell you what you do," he proceeded, not giving her time to think it all out. "You fix your mind on something and I'll lead you to it."

She spent some time selecting an object, then told him she was ready. He took her hand and led her to the piano.

"I didn't think of that at all," she said.

"I'll try again," he said, still holding her hand, and he led her to a clock on the mantel.

"Wrong again."

He led her to a tete-a-tete in the center of the room. She didn't say whether he was right or not, nor did he ask her. They sank into their respective seats on the tete-a-tete. He still held her hand.

"I can tell you what you are thinking about," he said.

"What?"

"Tom Baxter."

"I'm not."

"Me."

She did not reply to this. She lowered her eyes.

"And I can tell you," he went on, "what you think I'm thinking about."

"What?"

"You're thinking that I'm thinking that I—that I love you."

There was a great deal more of this intellectual conversation, but at this point it became what the world has heard very often, though it is a question if it tires persons. The mind reader had at least given a young man a reasonable excuse to propose.

But why he went so far out of his way to tell a simple truth that she wanted to hear only persons endowed with sentiment know, and they can't tell.

EARLY RIVAL OF NEW YORK

Eastern Metropolis of the United States Might Have Been in Staten Island.

We are reminded that New York came mighty near being on Staten island by the announcement that the famous Cubberly cottage, with all its furnishings, has been donated to the public by its owner, Dr. Nathaniel Britton. The structure is one of the finest examples of the so-called "colonial" architecture extant, and it is in an excellent state of preservation. It has been satisfactorily determined that it was built not later than 1680, and most of its furnishings antedate that year. It was in all probability a finer rural residence at the time of its completion than any on Manhattan island. Now it stands at the intersection of New Dorp lane and Cedar Grove avenue. At the time when the builders put on the last coat of paint and told the Cubberlys to move in it was surrounded by tributary acres constituting a splendid estate, and the Dutch aristocats of New Amsterdam, across the upper bay, followed the example of the original Cubberly promptly in establishing themselves upon the salubrious and picturesque hills of Staten island The Cubberly cottage was but the pioneer among many. In fact, as historical records show, the new settlement on Staten island grew so rapidly at that time that some people thought it might outgrow New Amsterdam. The Cubberly cottage came into the possession of the Brittons in the year 1695, when it was deeded to Nathaniel Britton, an ancestor of the owner who has given it to the public as a historical relic. The cottage, with all its contents, will be kept open to the public under the charge of the Staten Island Association of Arts and Science.

HARKING BACK TO NATURE

Few There Are Without Strong Feeling of Kinship With the Things of the Wild.

A bond from which we are never free unites us to mother earth. The appeal of the refinements of civilization is strong; they are needed and they have become an integral part of our life, but somewhere in our natures is something that always harks back to nature.

This feeling of close kinship with wild things, the stream; the birds and animals, the woods, gives strength to the soul. Were we to live always on the artificial heights, we should become enervated. For the earth is our home; from the actual physical earth we gain strength of body and mind. From considering it, we learn lessons of truth and purity and order, and the foundations of beauty are all found in the material world. Our love of nature, our longing sometimes to get out into the wilds comes, though we may never realize it, from our need of these things.

With all our refinements, we shall never do so well without the knowledge of the kindly earth as with it. Even in winter there is much to learn, much to enjoy, and we lose much when we think we can do without our close communion with the mother of us all.

Gift of the Gods.

A meat packer's wagon rattled over the cobblestones down First avenue, says the New York Evening Post. Overhead roared an elevated train and in the sunshine on the curb sat five boys, shooting craps.

Suddenly one of them darted out into the street, swung himself up on the passing wagon, seized a ham, and jumped off—into the arms of a "white wing."

This agent of the city, after appropriating the ham, gave the boy a vigorous shaking and flung him toward the sidewalk.

Immediately all five boys vanished into the earth.

The "white wing" looked down the street and the wagon had disappeared as completely as the boys, with the driver quite unconscious of any unusual stir.

He looked in every direction, then doubtless thanking the gods for their gift, he wrapped the ham in a newspaper and he, too, disappeared down a side street.

Background for Pictures.

A plain paper or one with quiet self-tone pattern is the only kind that makes a successful background for pictures. The soft neutral tone of cartridge paper is a splendid setting for ornaments and pictures, while soft brown is a safe choice of paper for the average room, as against it almost any picture, be it oil painting, water color, portrait, etching or photograph, appears to advantage. Gray is also a good and restful color to live with. A happy and popular combination is the gray wall covering with white woodwork. It is an admirable idea for the city apartment, where there is none too much light.

The Dutch Waterstaat.

The supreme defense of Holland must be the "water line" through the heart of it from the Zuyder Zee to the Scheldt, created by opening the sluices. Holland has a department of state, with a cabinet minister at the head of it, for her "waterstaat," an untranslatable word, which means, practically, the state of all waters from the field-drain in the polders to the Rhine at winter level. They are all linked up in one scheme in an office at The Hague.—London Daily Chronicle.

GOD'S MERCIES TO DISOBEDIENT ISRAEL

Quarterly Review—Read Nehemiah 9:26-31—March 28.

Period of the Judges—Divinely Appointed Leaders—Their Duties and Responsibilities—Only One Lawgiver and One Law—Two Pictures of Israel's National Life Under the Judges—Manifestations of Divine Love and Care—Lessons for Us.

"Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."—Proverbs 14:34.

ISRAEL'S history from the division of Canaan amongst the tribes until the anointing of Saul, a period of 450 years (Acts 13:19-21), is called the Period of the Judges—Joshua being the first Judge and Samuel the last. These Judges were raised to their position providentially. But as they had neither power nor authority, collected no revenue and could not entail the office upon others, it follows that whatever influence they possessed was personal; and to give it weight implied a proper acknowledgement of them as Divinely appointed, or "raised up."

This arrangement led the people continually to look to God for their leaders rather than to engage in politics, in which personal ambition would control. Similarly Spiritual Israelites are not to wire-pull and decide for themselves who shall be their spiritual leaders, but are to look to the Lord to raise up from time to time such leaders as He may please. The acceptance of these as God's appointees does not necessarily mean their selection by ballot, but may be indicated merely by heeding their teachings in harmony with God's Word. Divinely appointed leadership will always be marked by spiritual victories and closer heart-relationship with God; for the Lord's Spirit leads not to bondage, ignorance or strife, but to love, joy, peace of heart, liberty of conscience.

The Tables of The Law.

Israel needed no legislature; for it had one Lawgiver—the Lord—and the Law given at Mt. Sinai was perpetually to guide the nation. The priests and the Levites were the Divinely appointed helpers of the people—to instruct them in the Law, to represent them in the typical sacrificing, etc. In each tribe the Elders, according to their capacity, had charge of the civil affairs of the tribe. Soldiers they had none; for the Divine Law was to separate them from other nations, and if they were faithful the Lord was to be their Protector.

Two Pictures of National Life.

If the Book of Judges be read as a complete history of Israel during those four and one-half centuries, it would be a discouraging picture and would give an unfair view—that they were continually suffering punishment for sin and idolatry. The record passes by the happy period of Israel's prosperity, and especially points out their deflections from God, their punishments therefor, and their deliverances through the Judges whom God raised up for them. That this was a favorable time for Israel is implied in the Lord's promise to restore the Judges.

The Israelites had been instructed by the Lord to exterminate the Canaanites. This they had failed to do; and later on the false religions of those condemned by God alienated the hearts of many of the Israelites from full loyalty to the Lord, seducing them into a lascivious idolatry. Thus they repeatedly brought upon themselves the Lord's disfavor.

Applying this to Spiritual Israel, we are not to expect that the Lord's displeasure with His people would delay until they had gone completely into idolatry to self, wealth, fame, etc. Rather, the Lord's chastisements are sent to correct while still there is in our hearts something of obedience and love toward Him—before the world, the flesh and the Adversary capture us completely.

"Idolatry."

These records of Divine chastisements, of Israel's subsequent repentance and of the Lord's deliverance are proofs of the Divine Love for that consecrated people. So far as we have information, the Divine Power was not thus exercised upon other nations for their reproof, correction, etc. They were left as aliens from God and His covenant and promises.

Israel's Wrong Course.

Israel's government differed from all other earthly governments. God was their King; and in His providences, according to His Covenant with them, He supervised their affairs. But in Samuel's day, the Elders, perceiving that his sons were unreliable and forgetting that God was their King and the Judge merely His representative, petitioned the Prophet that he anoint them a king.

It is hard for us to sympathize with such prayers for their own degradation. The Prophet Samuel seems to have viewed the matter from this standpoint. He very properly went to the Lord in prayer; it was not for him to decide. He was merely the Lord's mouthpiece, to speak to the Israelites whatever message he should receive from the Lord.

RECALLED OFFICER TO DUTY

Sight of Shoulder Strap Brought to Soldier a Realization of His Responsibilities.

There is a story that Lieut. Guy Preston of the United States army saved his men at the fight at Wounded Knee by remembering the sentiment of the old French proverb: "Nobility necessitates noble conduct." He was holding his men in line before the Indians fired. Everyone was looking for trouble of some kind, but it was the unexpected thing that happened.

The Indians were hovering about with their blankets round them when the signal was given by one of them, and in an instant every buck threw away his blanket and stood revealed with a gun in his hand. The redskins fired. They had every advantage of the soldiers, for they outnumbered them and had taken them wholly by surprise. The soldiers ran. They did not mean to run far, but they needed some sort of cover.

But Preston, looking back over his shoulder to see if the Indians were following, or for whatever purpose a man looks back at a dangerous foe saw the strap on his shoulder and experienced a shock.

It occurred to him at the instant that he was running away with the insignia of rank that his government had conferred upon him; that he was, in a way, the representative of a great nation, and that he ought not to run. He stopped. Of course there was no well-defined object in his stopping, but when the rest of the men saw him standing there, without cover, and returning the fire of the Indians, they turned back, and in five minutes it was all over, and the Indians were beaten.

It would have been nothing short of a slaughter had Preston gone with the rest, for there was no cover until the top of the hill was reached, and that was so distant that the Indians would have had an easy time picking off the men as they ran. Preston's idea of duty was what saved the day.—Youth's Companion.

Showing the World Moves.

One of the most startling things of all up the tabernacle way is to walk suddenly into the cafeteria and see standing there an old-fashioned, sweet-faced, gray haired woman—the exact replica of your dead and gone grandmother—calmly munching a "hot dog" sandwich and sipping coffee out of a cumbersome receptacle bearing all the earmarks of a shaving mug.

The look of keen enjoyment on her face is proof positive that she has always wanted to do this very thing, but never had a cause so justifiable before.—Philadelphia Record.

Hibernation.

The bear is one of the most curious hibernators, as it is only the female which sleeps, and then usually gives birth to cubs when she wakes. The male will not hibernate as long as food is available. The hibernation of reptiles in cold climates is complete and they will not awake except with the advent of real warm temperature [illegible] be brought from their lair [illegible] artificial heat.

BRINGS TALE; LEAVES FOOT

Eskimo Arrives at New York With Thrilling Account of Encounter With Grizzly Bear.

Blubbering with joy, Aswatuk, an Eskimo, to be known on the Pennsylvania farm, whither he has gone, by the stern patronym of Morris Levy, was released from Ellis island in charge of Miss Martha Lininger, a nurse at the Grenfell mission, in Labrador, says the New York Herald. Aswatuk (until he reaches Pennsylvania) has only one foot. The other, the left, was chawed off by a grizzly bear, wherein lies the story.

Aswatuk—which means "the chilly baby"—is sixteen years old, but, according to the story, he's so brave that Labrador is probably relieved to be rid of his daring spirit.

Miss Leininger, who brought him back with her, had trouble getting him into the country, but finally appeals to Washington were answered, and Aswatuk is off to the farm.

But to the tale of that missing foot. On a cold, windswept night in Bolster's Rock, Labrador, little Aswatuk and his mother huddled about the whale oil lamp, wondering if Papa Aswatuk, the daring fisherman, was riding the gale. Suddenly from outside the igloo there came a scratching and the hearts of Aswatuk and his mother congealed. They knew it was the dread scratching of a polar bear scratching his way in to make a meal off them.

Sundries in the way of dried moose meat and mission tracts were used to bolster the fast weakening wall of the igloo, but all in vain.

Through a ragged aperture gloomed the horrid face of a grizzly bear. He yawned in anticipation of little Aswatuk—a plump youth—just as Aswatuk kicked with his left foot. The foot reached the open mouth just as it closed, and just as Aswatuk's mother dropped the whale oil lamp on the bear's head. With a groan of pain and anger the grizzly loped lightly away, blazing with wrath and whale oil, but still clinging to Aswatuk's foot.

Aswatuk was taken to the hospital at St. Anthony's, where he recovered sufficiently to be brought to this country. So goes the tale of Aswatuk as told by himself.

Eyeglasses in War.

The large number of British territorials with spectacles or eyeglasses has been noticed. On this point the late Mr. Eustace Balfour, brother of Mr. Arthur Balfour, wrote: "Some members who have passed the medical tests on the assumption that they will shoot in spectacles do not do so. May I point out that spectacles are no humiliation? The Germans wear them in war. They are in some respects even a protection against dust. I personally have been a deer stalker and have always had to wear glasses. I do not think I have ever lost a stag which I should otherwise have hit by not having spectacles on. The prejudice against [illegible] and artificial. [illegible] Chronicle.

Look for Shortage of Lead.

It is estimated that there is not enough lead in the world to make sufficient bullets for a long war involving so many fighters.

BERLIN HONORS ITS HEROES

Soldiers on Streets of Capital Subjects Almost of Adoration by the Populace.

Among the quiet, serious looking crowds which thronged all the downtown streets of Berlin during the afternoons and evenings, and which overflowed into those uptown avenues which still were lighted at night, every fifth man was a soldier, writes Edward Eyre Hunt, in Collier's Weekly. And the crowds never tired of the sight of them. They paid each uniform the flattering attention of staring at it as if it were the first they had ever seen. The procession was bewildering.

There were all sorts and conditions of men in uniforms: Prussian generals, in gold and gray and blue; a haggard military doctor just come from the hospitals and still smelling of ether; dirty, tired infantrymen back from the battle line in East Prussia, limping along in the gutter; a mountaineer in Alpine green uniform, with a green feather in his flat cap; aristocratic hussars in uniforms of a blazing red, marching along erect as automatic dolls; an officer of the famous Death's Head hussars, a white skull grinning down from his black shako, and the cords across his breast shaking as he walked; companies of middle aged landsturm marching down the street; a crack regiment of the guard doing the goose step at the corner of Unter den Linden, and smacking the pavement until the street echoed like a forest under volley fire; a squad of Red Cross workers, marching in civil dress, each wearing his little white and red arm band, and each carrying a tiny satchel; cavalry on coal black horses riding by like centaurs; a new regiment off for the war with band blaring and colors snapping in the wind; an adjutant in a gray military automobile with a horn that boomed like a cannon; convalescent soldiers, by ones, twos, half dozens, walking the streets to get the air, limping painfully or guarding a bandaged arm or shoulder or head from the jostling of the crowd. Then, like a parody of all these, twenty small boys in uniforms, with spiked caps, wooden swords and an ingenious wooden cannon mounted on a gun carriage which would lower and raise and pivot about like a real field gun, marching down the Friedrichstrasse with patriotic flags and a drum.

Illiteracy in Foreign Countries.

The bureau of census of the department of commerce has just published a table giving the percentages of illiteracy in most of the principal countries of the world, the figures having been brought as nearly up to date as the available sources of information permit.

Illiteracy statistics of different countries are not always strictly comparable, because the basis is not always the same. Quite generally, however, the percentage of illiteracy here given is based upon the total population over ten years of age, which is the basis in the United States, but sometimes it is necessary to accept some other age limit, and in several countries the only available figures refer to illiteracy among army recruits or to that shown by the marriage records.

Women of New Jersey and Pennsylvania

Imagination balks at the magnitude of $2,000,000. Only when it is translated into terms of purchasing power does it become comprehensible.

Two million dollars, for example, will support more than 2000 families of moderate income for a year.

Two million dollars will buy more than 200,000 barrels of flour, more than 50,000 sewing machines or 80,000 suits. It will give work for an entire year to 2000 men and women engaged in various productive industries and other occupations that add to the common welfare of the people in all walks of life.

It is $2,000,000 a year that the Full Crew---"excess man crew"---Laws compel the railroads of your States to pay in unearned wages. These Laws deprive you of improvements for safety and comfort in travel that this money, now used unproductively, would provide.

How much longer in these times when economy is a universal necessity are you willing to endure this tremendous waste? In the end the cost bears upon you, either in increased rates or decreased service.

Will you use your influence in urging that the people's elected Representatives at Trenton and Harrisburg work and vote for repeal of the Full Crew Laws and place control of the proper manning of trains in the hands of the Public Service Commissioners?

SAMUEL REA,
President, Pennsylvania Railroad.

DANIEL WILLARD,
President, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

THEODORE VOORHEES,
President, Philadelphia and Reading Railway.

R. L. O'DONNEL, Chairman,
Executive Committee, Associated Railroads of Pennsylvania and New Jersey,
721 Commercial Trust Building, Philadelphia.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., March 25 1915

CHARLES E. DORWORTH, - Ed., & Pub

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One Quarter Column, 1 year..... 35
Legal Notices (if no special contract exists) 10 cents per line, each insertion, nonpareil measure.

Political Announcements.

The following schedule of charges for political announcements in the approaching primary campaign will prevail:

Announcements of candidates for Judge.

Announcements of candidates for Sheriff County Treasurer, Recorder, Register, Prothonotary, District Attorney, County Commissioners, $10 each. County Auditors, Jury Commissioners, Coroner and County Surveyor, 5 each.

All political announcements are payable strictly in advance.

FOR SHERIFF

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce he name of George H. Yarnell, of Walker Township, for the Republican nomination for heriff, subject to the decision of the forth oming primaries.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER

The undersigned desires to formally announce his candidacy for the Republican omination for County Treasurer, subject to he will of the Republican voters as expressed at the coming primaries.

DAVID CHAMBERS,
Clarence, Pa.

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce he name of A. H. Hartswick, of State College borough, for the Republican nomination for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of he Republican electors of Centre County as may be expressed by them at the primary election of 1915. Mr. Hartswick asks the support of all Republican voters at the primaries, assuring them that the same will be appreciated.

FOR RECORDER

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce he name of William H. Brown, of Bellefonte Borough, for the Republican nomination for Recorder, subject to the decision of the primaries of 1915.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of Isaac Miller, (carpenter), of Bellefonte borough, for nomination on the Republican ticket at the primaries of 1915 for the office of County Commissioner. Mr Miller respectfully asks the support of the Republican voters of the county.

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of Harry S. Stuart, of Sandy Ridge, Rush Township, for Republican nomination for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the primaries of 1915. Mr. Stuart respectfully asks the support of all Republicans for the nomination.

The road to hell is paved with other people's money.

It's easy to judge a man by his works, when he won't work.

The man who married money is convinced now that money talks.

We must not forget that the fowl that makes a success as an egg layer makes a failure as a crower.

Some men are born great, and some achieve greatness, while with others it's just a case of swelled head.

It is said on pretty good authority that a Penns valley Democrat has decided to enter the field for nomination for County Commissioner.

Take notice, Germany has given us fair warning. And now, if there is any more "accidental" sinking of American merchantmen, we shall have a condition and not a theory—and it'll be a mighty uncomfortable condition.

Was J. Kennedy J. tossing a brick encased in velvet at somebody in particular when in announcing his candidacy for Judge he said that if elected he would devote his entire time to the bench and not mix up in outside matters?

"Penitentiary Work Will Help Business" reads a Democratic newspaper head-line. Some months ago the Democrats said the foreign war would help business. When any party has to thank God for and depend on wars and prisons to improve business conditions it is pretty hard up.

The Hon. A. Mitchell Palmer has formally accepted the $6500 a year job tendered him by President Wilson, and in an interview announces his intention to resign as Democratic National Committeeman for Pennsylvania. In making the announcement, however, Mr. Palmer serves notice that a reorganization faction Democrat must be chosen as his successor. There were some Democrats who had hoped Mr. Palmer would gracefully retire from public life and by keeping hands off the selection of his successor make possible a reunited Democratic party in Pennsylvania. It seems, however, that Mr. Palmer and President Wilson have no thought of according the old line Democrats in this State any recognition for past service.

The oftener a woman changes her mind, the less mind she has.

Be prepared to encounter trouble if you start out to travel on your reputation.

What is an Island? An Island is a body of land entirely surrounded by submarines.

It is estimated that a woman will guess right about three times out of five, but hubby has to pay the bills, the other two times just the same.

It is alleged that American factories could produce all the equipments we should need for a foreign war. But we doubt whether any first class Power would give our factories time enough to produce it after war was declared.

Those reluctant Democratic aspirants for the various county plums possibly think that the best time to escape from the water is before you break through the ice. They are eager enough for the office, sure enough, but the uncertainty of a sure thing is what is keeping them awake at nights, just at this particular time. Why not bring into requisition the old motto, "nothing ventured nothing won?"

This is truly an age of reformation. We notice some of the eastern states are trying to revive an old "blue" law and forbid smoking in hotel lobbies, waiting rooms, parks and play grounds. Just as long as we continue to put up buildings of guaranteed quick burning construction, smoking indoors will be unsafe. When legislators begin to prohibit smoking in public places out of doors, the officially dismembered Tobacco Trust will be in a position to sympathize with the several times prohibited Whiskey Trust.

There seems to a prospect that election reforms will soon experience a quietus. The present election laws need amending. When the same were enacted, it was supposed to give the independent voter a fair chance, and to take absolute power away from the party machine. It did go a little way in that direction but experience has shown that it didn't go far. The blanket ballot has proved cumbersome and largely ineffective. The trouble is so many of the voters think they know precisely how to mark their ticket, without calling into requisition watchers or those whose duty is to instruct the ones who are in doubt. We know of one precinct in an adjacent township where two years ago thirty-two votes were thrown out because of mistakes. This is disfranchising voters with a vengeance. We shall have no genuine election reform until we go farther than the provisions of the existing law. A bill is now before the Legislature which contains many sound proposals on minor matters, which when enacted will no doubt be a great improvement over present conditions. The change cannot come too soon.

Preparation for Home Use.

The woman who values her looks should drink at least a pint of water daily, and preferably more, including a tumblerful, either hot or cold, the last thing at night.

Distilled water is by far the best, but if hot is not available, water that has been boiled and allowed to stand for two or three hours till it has become reaerated is more wholesome than merely filtered water, especially in districts where the water contains an undue amount of chalk, which, after boiling, will settle into a sediment from which the remainder can be poured off.—Philadelphia Press.

Shrewd Old Man.

"You're an old married man. What do you do when your wife begins to scold?"

"Encourage her. I talk back—discreetly, of course. I say tantalizing things. I make foolish excuses. I stammer and get husky."

"But doesn't that make her a good deal madder?"

"Of course it does. That's the intention. I want her to get so mad that she won't have any voice left to ask me for money."

"Gee, I wonder if I'll ever get as hardened as that!"—Brooklyn Eagle.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he s senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and foucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR SERVICE.

Even in times of depression, when everything looks apparently dark, dismal and gloomy, it is said that opportunity knocks once at every man's door. This is not half the truth. Opportunity knocks daily, hourily, but some of us are too ready to forget that there is more than one kind of opportunity.

Take wealth. This is the land of opportunity. A large portion of the leaders of the country's great business enterprises started life in comparative poverty. There are today boundless opportunities for wealth for the young man who possesses character, capacity and ability. But we have no right to forget the other side of the picture. Here is a strong, forceful man, pushing his way through obstacles and winning a place in the front rank of the nation's business men. But all along his path lie the wrecks and failures, the men who were not equipped for the struggle, who lacked the intelligence or the strength to meet obstacles or had not the character to meet temptations. There are great opportunities for wealth, and there are just as great opportunities for failure.

Watchfulness, idleness, folly of all sorts, will open the door to failure. But, there is still another opportunity—another kind entirely—and every year proves that more and more of our best equipped men and women are seeking it This is the opportunity for service. Wherever you are placed, whatever you are doing, whatever your attainments may be, this opportunity is always at your door. Whether you are at the bottom or the top, there is always awaiting you an opportunity for service.

It begins with simple downright honesty. If you are a workman, you have an opportunity to be an honest one. If you are a capitalist the demand for just dealing is even more exacting. For the greater the trust that is imposed in any man, the greater is his individual responsibility. But service does not end at the bench of the worker or the desk of the capitalist. The world asks service of every man and of every woman in proportion to their power. There are evils to be fought, poverty, vice and ignorance to be battled against; our town, our state the country itself, in some measure, is what we help to make it. And, in the long run, each of us is tested, not by his response to the opportunities for wealth or personal advancement, but by what he does to meet the far greater opportunities for service to his fellow men.

There is hidden in every human soul possibilities for good and evil, strength and weakness, of which the possessor often has no conception. Only some emergency can reveal the true fibre of a man. Few of us have the opportunity for great success or great failure, yet in some degree every one of us is tested. Our strength and our weakness are pretty sure to be disclosed in little things, and it is only by meeting the small tests that we can ever cultivate the honesty, courage or capacity that may some day be not only our own defense but the defense of those who have reposed their trust in us.

How the Tomato Was Named.

Few persons know the origin of this common name. It originated in this way: The earlier experimenters with the fruit believed that it had a great effect on the spleen—that is to say, it made persons liable to crossness good-natured—gave them, so to speak, a lovely disposition, and for this reason the plant was known to the ancient Spaniards as the love apple. By the name of love apple it is still known in many English-speaking countries. The word tomato is derived from the same source, that is to say, from the original Latin word amo, to love, although we use it now as a Spanish derivative, tomato being a Spanish expression.—Meehan's Monthly.

The Fourth Kingdom.

"So, you see," said the teacher, finishing up her talk about the three kingdoms—Animal, Mineral and Vegetable—"everything we can think of belongs to one of these. Take the things in this room, for example. Your desks belong to the vegetable kingdom, your pens to the mineral kingdom, and little May (pointing to a rosy-cheeked little tot of six) here belongs to the animal kingdom." May was startled at first, then the big tears came to her eyes and she said: "I fink you are mistaken, teacher, 'cause my muvver said as how all little children belong to the Kingdom of Heaven."

If Mother Only Knew.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children relieve Feverishness, Headache, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and destroy worms. They break up Colds in 24 hours. Used by mothers for 26 years. All Druggists, 25c. Sample free. Address A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Read "The Republican" $1.50. a year.

SCHWAB'S CAR AND TRAINMEN

To Comply With Law Reading Had to Put Extra Man on Train.

South Bethlehem, Pa., March 24. Specific instances of the arbitrary working of the Full Crew—"Excess Man Crew"—Laws have just been afforded here. They show how these laws work to the burden of the railroads and how they are sometimes availed of by trainmen to prevent efficient service.

A four-car passenger train was made up on the Reading Railway about to leave for Philadelphia. Under a hurry order the "Loretta," private car of Charles M Schwab, was attached to this train at the last minute. This made it necessary, in order to comply with the Full Crew Law, to increase the train crew from five to six men, although the private car had its own crew and made nothing for the train crew to look after.

It so happened that a trainman was in one of the coaches, returning to Philadelphia. He was instructed to take the position of extra man. Thus instead of riding to Philadelphia as a "dead head," he became a member of the crew and received pay for the trip.

On the Lehigh Valley Railroad a train of empty cars had been made up by a yard crew. When the road crew of five took charge a trainman was seen to cut out the last car, which happened to be a foreign line box car. When asked why, he replied that they weren't going to take a train longer than required. The effect was to leave a box car in the yard, entailing a per diem charge upon the company.

VIRTUE OF AN APPLE.

At One Time the Fruit Was Called the "Food of the Gods."

The apple has become so familiar as the commonest of all fruits that its value as man's greatest friend in the vegetable kingdom may not be fully realized. It was called the "food of the gods" because it was believed to be the magic renewer of youth to which the gods resorted when they felt themselves growing old and feeble.

There have been many mystic traditions about the apple, which has been credited with varied potency. It is the healing fruit of the Arabian tales. Latin chronicles and institutes and early English poems contain many references to it. Scientific analysis of late years has justified all the ancient glorification of this fruit, which has been found to contain albumen, sugar, gum, malic acid, gallic acid, fiber, water and phosphorus.

Malic acid of apples neutralizes the excess of chalky matter caused by too much meat and thereby helps to keep us young. Apples are good for the complexion, as their acids drive out the noxious matters which cause skin eruptions. They are good for the brain, which those same noxious matters, if retained, render sluggish. The acids of the apple diminish the acidity of the stomach that comes with some forms of indigestion.

The phosphorus, of which apples contain a larger per cent than any other fruit or vegetable, renews the essential matter of the brain and spinal column —Boston Herald.

Does Your Spine Shiver?

"A shivering spine," said a psychologist, "is the one infallible proof of an artistic temperament. Does a shiver run up and down your spine when you listen to beautiful music or read a lovely poem or look at a superb painting? If not the gates of art are closed to you forever. All great artists and all good critics experience this shivering sensation of the backbone before a worthy work of art. Some of these men use the shiver as a measure. The work that does not evoke it they pronounce a failure. My own spine shivers best to music. The violin solo that precedes the last act of Massenet's 'Thais' sets up in me a tremolo movement that wrinkles the back of my coat."—Exchange.

Napoleon as an Editor.

The Almanach de Gotha was already of sufficient importance over a century ago to prompt a dispatch from Napoleon. On Oct. 20, 1807, he wrote to Champagny, his foreign minister, complaining that "the latest edition of the Almanach de Gotha is full of errors, no account having been taken of the changes wrought by me in Germany. Tell the minister from Gotha to call on you and inform him that this must be set right in the forthcoming edition. Insist on seeing the section devoted to Germany before the edition is published."

One of Many.

"What kind of work could you possibly do around an office?"

"I'm a kind o' all around handy man, mister. I kin hold a door open, light a match for ye, look out an' see if it's rainin', call a taxi, drop letters down the chute an' tell folks yer out when ye ain't."—Life.

Speaking of Sponges.

"I see in the paper here that the largest sponge ever found is three feet across and ten feet in circumference."

"That's just about Uncle Squeezly's size, isn't it?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer

House-Cleaning as a Problem.

(Some thoughts suggested by the observations of fifty-one years.)

Spring, gentle Spring, is about here—and what follows? Moving day, then coupled with house-cleaning, which by the way is admitted by all to be one of our most unwelcome and unpleasant experiences.

That peculiar quality of solar energy that sets a-flowing the vital currents in the shrub and tree, starts boys to jumping and flying kites, arouses snakes from their lethargy and calls forth the modest daffodil, has a most marked effect on women. Like the birds they begin singing earlier in the morning than usual, and are as fretful as porcupines. Carpets, wall paper and white-washing are their chief topics of conversation. A cobweb in the corner annoys them dreadfully, and a dirty window renders them nervous and irritable.

One day of sunshine in spring will work a wonderful change in a house at such times. The comfortable, tidy dress gives place to a ripped and slit wrapper, rings and bracelets are laid aside with bangs and collars. Whole shoes give place to ragged ones, supplemented by an old pair of rubbers, while a towel takes the place of the neat and becoming dusting cap. If a man has any business to attend to out of town, this a good time to attend to it. He can be of little use at home unless he joins the gang.

To attempt to do business and live in the house may set him crazy. If not so bad as that, it may derange his liver and make him cranky, which is all the worse, for if there ever is a time when a woman is queer it is during house-cleaning time. She is then a sovreign ruler and will tolerate no interference. Like Robinson Crusoe, she is "monarch of all she surveys."

The piano is locked up, the work-basket packed away in a closet, brass hammering tools are exchanged for tack hammers, and crochet needles for dust pans and feather dusters. Grate fronts are dragged out from their quiet winter quarters, chimney stuffers raked out, and old barrels in the cellar and ash buckets resurrected from their hiding places. It is a mystery where she finds all these things, but she finds them, and there is no use of objecting to their presence in the halls, on landings and cellar stairs.

Did you ever notice how unphilosophically a woman begins the spring cleaning? About the first move is to turn everything topsy-turvy in her bedroom. The next is to pile things up in the parlor and leave them so. Thus she goes through the house until there is not a room that does not look as if there had been an auction in it. With hall carpets loosened and stair rods removed, a man is in danger of falling and breaking his neck at every step. Now a woman is ready to begin business. She has everything before her and she knows just what is to be done. With torn and bleeding fingers, knees sore and stiff from crawling over carpets, and shuffling step caused by ill fitting shoes, she rushes in. About the only indication that heaven has a hand in the affair is that the woman has torn up everything from cellar to garret. Were it not so she would repent her rashness about the second day and retire to that portion of the house not in a state of chaos. But like Noah's dove, she has no place to set a foot. The bridges are burned behind her, and she must fight the engagement to a successful issue. The result is that house-cleaning is over in a week, whereas, if it were done a room at a time it would last half the summer.

Men often object to having the house all torn up, but it is clear that they do not take a philosophical view of the matter. "The fiercer the storm the sooner it is over," applies beautifully to house-cleaning, therefore, it is better to let it rage and spend its fury. There is a great deal of nonsense about spring cleaning, also a great deal more fuss made over it than there is any necessity for. Women get excited and work themselves sick, men get nervous and bilious, while children feel at liberty to do as they please. In a majority of instances there is probably more harm done than good. A clean house is a good thing, but not good enough for what it often costs. If houses are kept as they should be, they do not need a special cleaning in the spring. Besides, the early spring is not the best time for renovating and cleaning rooms. The air is too damp and chilly to render them specially healthy, besides there is great danger in contracting colds which may end in pneumonia, pleurisy, neuralgia or rheumatism, the suffering from any one of which will in no way be compensated for by the improved appearance of the place. Washing windows is entitled to high rank as a cause of suffering and death among women. There is no other work about a house during the winter or spring that subjects one to more severe and dangerous drafts than this. The vigorous exercise of washing and polishing the inside of a window is likely to induce perspiration, while the sudden exposure to a sweeping draft of cold air while cleaning the outside is sure to produce a chill. It is much the safer plan to clean the outside first, using a step-ladder or long handled brush, and wind up with giving the inside a good rubbing down. In this way the effects of the cold experienced outside are counteracted by the exercise inside. The best time to clean house is after the days have become warm enough to allow the windows to remain up all day long. Let everything be taken out of the room, the windows removed, and the wind and sunlight allowed full play. These will do more to disinfect and freshen a room than all the scrubbing and dusting that can be done with closed doors and windows. If the room can be spared it will be the better for remaining vacant with bare floor and open windows for two or three days. Whatever else is done do not put carpet down on a damp floor. Life is not so short, nor the emergency so great, that a house must be cleaned in one week; neither is the necessity for so doing such as to justify any woman in killing herself in order to get through with it as soon as some of her neighbors. There are thousands of women in our community who can trace their ill health and the misery of their lives by these frenzied efforts to get through with the house-cleaning in short metre. Men should remember that house-cleaning is a sort of mania with some women, and that the best way to get along is to humor them, and make them think they are "great fellows." One thing they should kindly and firmly insist on—that fire places be left open, and stoves allowed until the cold rains and chilly nights have really passed, even if it be not until July. Men might also take a hand in the picnic, not that they are likely to do a great deal of good in the way of cleaning, but for the favorable impression they will make on their wives.

When baby suffers with croup, apply and give Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil at once. Safe for children. A little goes a long way. 25c and 50c At all drug stores.

FREE If you suffer from Kidney or Bladder trouble, send us your name together with names and address of two others similarly afflicted and we will mail you
FREE—ONE WEEKS' TREATMENT
of our reliable S.S. Kidney and Bladder Pills.
THE S. S. DRUG CO., CARDINGTON, OHIO.

FOLEY'S ORINO LAXATIVE
FOR STOMACH TROUBLE and CONSTIPATION

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

F. P. BLAIR & SON
JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS
Bellefonte, Pa.

Correspondence

Milesburg.

Miss Julia Grove, who has been in Buffalo, N. Y., for the styles for the season in millinery, has returned home.

Charles Campbell, of Tyrone, visited during the past week with relatives and friends here.

Miss Margaret Bruger, of Unionville, was a visitor at the Ash home on Saturday.

Mrs. H. K. Ash and Harold and Edith spent Sunday with friends in Unionville.

Mrs. M. C. Piper is visiting with her sister in Altoona.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Heaton and family visited during the past week with Mrs. Heaton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Bryan.

Miss Cora Jodon and niece, Margaret, have returned from visiting friends in Altoona.

Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Mann have moved into the Hibler house on Main Street.

Harry Jodon, of Altoona, Sundayed with John Jodon and family.

Miss Chrissie Emenhizer has returned from Yarnell, where she spent the greater part of the winter.

Miss Minnie McClellan, who has been visiting relatives in Lock Haven, has returned home.

Mrs. Christ Jodon and children, of Altoona, spent Friday with relatives here.

Miss Bernadine Lonergan, of Altoona, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Jodon.

Thurston Deihl, of Port Matilda, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Faxon.

Miss Pearl Bryan, of Curtin, Sundayed with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver King and children, of Coleville, spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Spear.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Bryan, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Heaton and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fisher, our latest bride and groom, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. William Fisher, at Intersection.

Miss Adeline Gingher, of Curtin, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Bryan.

Miss Mary Williams is visiting her nephew, Prof. R. R. Williams, of this place. Miss Williams has just come from her home in Shipply, Florida.

Mrs. Chrissie Quigley is very ill at the present writing.

John Schindler, of Jacksonville, visited with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schindler, during the past week.

William Johnson, 3rd. returned home from Altoona where he has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Wesley Patterson.

Dr. and Mrs. S. M. Huff spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Claude Smith, at State College.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Hugg, of Indiana, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Hugg.

Mrs. Anne Witherite, of Tyrone, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Walter Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Cart McKinley, of Howard, are visiting Mrs. Mary McKinley.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Pownell, of Yarnell, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. William Lucas.

Mrs. Thomas B. Budinger, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. H. T. Mann, has returned to her home in Snow Shoe.

Miss Amelia Jodon attended the Wian sale at Zion on Tuesday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wian, of Bellefonte, visited with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Faxon, on Sunday.

Mrs. Edgar Neff is very ill, being threatened with pneumonia.

Mr. Harry Ulrich, of Spring Mills, visited recently with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Whiteman.

Mrs. Ellen Swyers is on the sick list.

Quite a number of our townfolks attended the funeral of Miss Jane Potter, in Bellefonte, on Saturday.

Sunday morning about 2.30 some one entered the home of Edward Spear. The person entered the back door and hearing voices upstairs was frightened away before anything could be taken. They escaped by the front door and left all the doors of the house open.

Mrs. Charles Martin has returned to her home in Tyrone.

On Wednesday of last week, at 12 o'clock, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Bryan a pretty home wedding took place at which Miss Sara Bryan became the wife of Mr. Joseph Fisher. The ceremony was performed by Rev. M. C. Piper. They expect to go to housekeeping in the stone house now occupied by Martin Brower. The many friends of both wish them a long and happy married life.

Miss Elsie Harshberger left Saturday for Milroy, where she attended the funeral of her uncle.

On Friday evening, March 19th, the annual Junior—Senior reception of the High School was held. The guests consisted of the Seniors and their parents, Directors and their wives the faculty of the school and also the Freshmen. The following program was rendered:

Music.

Reading—Walter Hugg.

Senior Class History—Miriam Baird.

Reading, "If I were rich"—Sue Murray.

Music.

"The Rescue"—Mina Woomer.

Reading, "Educational Advantages"—Ruth Gilbert.

"Curfew must not ring tonight"—Hazel Gingher.

Impromptu class—Abbie Brower, Mildred Glenn, Edna Walker, Ruth Gilbert, John Dyke, Leonard Glenn, George McKinley, Lester McClellan.

Extemporaneous speeches by O. E. Miles, Rev. S. S. Clark, Misses Vallamont and Miles, after which refreshments consisting of ice cream, cake and fudge were served with dainty place-cards suitable for the occasion. About 11.30 the guests departed for their homes all hoping for many more such happy times.

The Band Concert held on the 17th of March was a great success, as it always is. Every one was delighted. The proceeds amounted to over $20.

Mrs. Emery, of Lock Haven, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Susan Fisher, who is ill at the present writing.

Mrs. Jane Shultz is on the sick list.

T. A. Hugg spent Sunday with his family on Water Street.

E. E. Miles, of Tyrone, Sundayed with his parents, O. E. Miles and wife.

C. T. Miles, of Altoona, Sundayed with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Miles.

Prof. and Mrs. R. R. Williams are rejoicing over the arrival of a little daughter last Friday evening. Mother and child are getting along fine.

Perry Kanarr, of Altoona, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Kanarr.

Ralph Thomas, of Philadelphia, visited among friends in the burg over Sunday.

Mrs. Proudfoot, who has bee spending the winter with Mrs. Kniger, in Bellefonte, has returned to her home on Market Street for the summer.

Pine Grove Mills.

J. A. Fortney and wife visited friends at Zion on Friday.

J. C. Cronover is housed up, suffering from an attack of indigestion.

N. E. Hess is confined to the house with grip.

Grandmother Dreibelbis is quite ill, suffering from a billious attack.

J. E. Breon transacted business in Millheim Monday.

Spring was ushered in Monday with snow squabbles.

Ex-Sheriffs Hurley and Kline, of Bellefonte, attended the J. W. Kepler sale on Tuesday. Bidding was brisk. Horses were hammered down at $250. The sale totaled $2333.

Elmer Yarnell, a former Pine Grove lad, now a wealthy ranchman in Wyoming, is visiting the home of his youth, with headquarters with his sister, Mrs. B. Corl, at State College.

Dr. and Mrs. G. S. Kaup are arranging to celebrate their golden wedding anniversary on Saturday evening, next, at their home in Boalsburg.

Mrs. Sallie Fortney is quite ill, from bronchial trouble, at her home on Main Street.

Clem Fortney, of Altoona, and Mrs. D. C. Krebs, of State Collage, are here.

Squire Keller and W. E. Reed are among the sick.

Monday evening a host of friends and neighbors gathered at the Samuel I. Corl home, near Strubles, to greet Mrs. Corl on her forty-fourth birthday anniversary. Her good husband managed the affair very cleverly and completely fooled his better half. Supper was served full and plenty. Everybody had an enjoyable time and Mrs. Corl was the recipient of many useful and handsome gifts.

Mrs. Louisa Breon, of the City of Brotherly Love, is visiting friends down Penns valley and at State College.

After April 1st Ed. Mays will till the fertile acres of the George E. Harper farm at White Hall.

Mrs. Gordon Harper visited friends at State College on Tuesday.

J. W. Miller and wife and John Stover and wife took a joy ride to Bellefonte Saturday evening in the former's new Studebaker car.

How a Woman Plays Poker.

In the April Americon Magazine James Montgomery Flagg, the famous wit and artist, does an amusing piece in words and pictures, satirizing visitors and visiting. In the following extract taken from the piece Mr. Flagg describes how a woman plays poker:

"After dinner a game of poker is suggested. It remains for Mrs. Mac to protest that she hadn't played poker since she went to boarding school, or since she was a midshipman at Annapolis or since she drove the first prairie schooner across the Mojave Desert in '49 or some such excuse. Well, if she did play we must all be patient with her if she made mistakes.

"Need I say that she never anted until the gangplank was up and the jack pot in midstream on each occasion? That she dealt six cards to everyone when it was her deal? That she asked what beat a straight and why did she have to put up eighty cents in the round of whangs? That she thought bridge was much finer—really called for intellect? And that she quit the big winner?"

Howard.

O, be not the first to discover
A flaw in the fame of a friend,
A fault in the faith of a brother
Whose heart may be true to the end.
A hint or a nod may awaken
Suspicion most false and undue,
And thus our belief may be shaken
In those who are honest and true.
For we, none of us, know one another,
And oft into error we fall,
Thus, let us speak well of each other;
When we can't, let us not speak at all.

KNOWLES SHAW.

Miss Anna Muffly left Friday for Newark, N. J., to visit her cousin, Mrs. Emma Cheesman.

William Comerford, of Pittsburgh, is visiting his mother for a few days.

Miss Dorothy Weber, a student at Myerstown College, is visiting her parents for a few weeks.

Mrs. W. L. Cooke took her daughter, Marion, to Pittsburgh to a nerve specialist and we are glad to say she has improved.

Mrs. G. Frank Williams returned home from Philadelphia, having spent several months there where she was taking care of her mother, who was seriously ill.

Misses Mary Weirick and Gladys Holter, who are under training at the Lock Haven Hospital, visited their parents Saturday.

Mrs. George Longee is spending a week with her mother, Mrs. Wyble.

Miss Miriam Lucas, a student of the State Normal School, Lock Haven, spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Lucas.

William Perry, of Altoona, spent Sunday with his friend, Miss Rebecca Lucas.

Willis Mayes and Miss Mamie Shadle of Beech Creek, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bechtel on Sunday.

Miss Mildred Shay and Mrs. Mary Dougherty went to Lock Haven Thursday to visit Mrs. Dougherty's brother, Davy Hannon, who is a patient at the Lock Haven Hospital.

Miss Irena Pletcher visited in Bellefonte Thursday.

Mrs. Ida Mingle and two children, Mae and Harold, of Birmingham, spent a few days last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Burdine Butler.

Mrs. Hayes Schenck and Mrs. John Lyons attended the funeral of Mrs. James Gunesallis, of Blanchard, Sunday.

Kline Wolf and Philip Holter spent a very pleasant evening at Nittany Wednesday.

Dr. O. W. McEntire and daughter, Josephine, attended his brother Harry's wife's funeral at Williamsport Monday.

Owing to the serious illness of Miss Anna Fisher, our Intermediate grade teacher, Mrs. Harold Schenck is completing the school term in her stead.

A bouncing baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hayes last Friday.

Rev. M. J. Snyder and family departed Tuesday for their future home at Buffalo Cross Roads.

Harry Wilson, of Lock Haven, spent Tuesday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wilson.

Mrs. J. D. Miller and sister, Mrs. Fryberger, of Bellefonte, called to see Miss Martha Lucas Thursday. Mrs. Fryberger also visited her old friend, Mr. Jean Kline.

Miss Mattie Potts, of Blanchard, visited here Thursday.

Miss Catharine Kling and Mrs. Martha Yearick visited in Bellefonte Thursday.

Miss Lottie Yearick was a Lock Haven visitor Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Shuman Pletcher returned home Thursday, having spent several weeks in the West.

Rev. M. J. Snyder conducted prayer meeting last Thursday evening. This was the last prayer meeting he conducted before departing to take his new charge.

Mrs. John Baney and son, Arthur Wensel, were Bellefonte visitors Wednesday.

Rev. Mr. Dunning returned home from conference and will remain here for another year.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Henderson were over-Sunday guests with Mrs. Henderson's sister, Mrs. White, of Lock Haven.

Mrs. Bertha Hoffman and son, Richard, returned home from Philadelphia Tuesday evening.

The new United Evangelical minister, Rev. Mr. Bingham, and family arrived here Tuesday.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claude R. Moore died Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock.

A little daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Philip Barr.

The Fan in Egypt.

The fan was a royal emblem in Egypt and signified authority, happiness and repose. The fan bearers were generally persons of royal birth and were initiated into their office with elaborate ceremony. Frescoes on an ancient palace of Thebes represent fan bearers carrying a semicircular screen attached to a long handle. The Grecian ladies preferred fans made of peacock feathers, as the peacock was the bird of Juno and symbolized splendor and luxury. As the Romans were chiefly engaged in conquests of a military nature art industries did not flourish as in times of peace.

Itching, bleeding, protruding or blind piles have yielded to Doan's Ointment. 50c at all stores.

DAD KNEW SYMPTOMS

SAW SIGNS OF SPRING IN BEHAVIOR OF SMALL SON.

Robert Might Try to Look Innocent, But Father Could Marshal Altogether Too Much Convincing Circumstantial Evidence.

"Robert!"

"Yes, sir."

"I am rather worried about you lately."

"Worried about me, pop?"

"Yes, worried about you!"

"Why, dad, I haven't done a thing to cause you worry."

"I admit that that fact is enough to worry me, but that is not what is worrying me just at present. It is what you have been doing, not what you have not been doing, that has got me guessing!"

"Has mother been telling you—"

"No, your mother has been telling me nothing; I have just been noticing things. The other morning I noticed that you washed your neck and ears and combed your hair."

"But, dad, don't I always do that every morning?"

"Not without being told."

"I don't see why that should worry you!"

"But, Robert, you also shined your shoes twice this last week, and your finger nails have been perfectly manicured during the entire week. Show them to me. There, didn't I tell you?"

"Aw, dad, that's nothing!"

"I am not so sure about that. You have got me to about half promise that I would let you don long pants on your next birthday. Does all this mean nothing?"

"What could it mean, dad?"

"It might mean a number of things. Another thing you have done to cause me uneasiness, is to ask me to let you change from your Sunday school to the Presbyterian Sunday school."

"But, dad, the teacher there—"

"Now, Robert, look me right in the eyes. Has the teacher got anything to do with it?"

"Aw, dad!"

"And your mother tells me that this morning you required ten cents for a composition book, and that at noon, when she was over visiting with Mrs. Conklin, Allie came in from school with two perfectly good oranges which could not have cost less than a nickel apiece, and, in response to her mother's inquiries, told her that you gave them to her. Did you get a composition book today?"

"Nuh-uh, dad, I looked in my desk and saw I had a composition book."

"And you looked at Allie and saw she didn't have an orange to her name. Was that it?"

"Aw, how do you know, dad?"

"I bet I know what Sunday school Allie goes to!"

"So do I, pop!"

"One of the strangest things I have noticed is that you chum with Allie's brother, and you always told me he was a sissy."

"But I didn't understand him, dad. He is all right when you get to know him."

"I have noticed that having a nice little sister, with blue eyes and frizzly hair, and pink hair ribbons, is enough to make any fellow all right!"

"Is that all, dad?"

"That's all I can think of just at present, my boy, except that these signs of spring certainly do make me want to go fishing!"—Houston Post.

Squaws' Bowls "Old Relics."

Juan Segura did a thriving trade in "prehistoric Indian relics" until recently. He sat on the platform of the Santa Fe depot at Riverside and peddled the "relics" to tourists at fancy figures.

Segura might have grown rich had not Uncle Sam taken a hand, because he discovered the Mexican was raising the cost of living for many Indians in the vicinity. Many a squaw was forced to go miles to purchase bread because Segura, it is alleged, had taken her bread bowl and disposed of it as a "relic." His practice threatened to denude the district of bread bowls.

So he was arrested and pleaded guilty in the United States district court.—Los Angeles Times.

Currency Hard to Carry.

On the Island of Yam, which was recently captured by the Japanese, the dime is the exact replica of a common grindstone. It is 20 inches in diameter and made of practically the same material. Fortunately, values are very low, a dime, for instance, being sufficient to buy a chicken.

Benevolence.

My ideal of human intercourse would be a state of things in which no man will ever stand in need of any other man's help, but will derive all his satisfaction from the great social tides which own no individual names.

No man can play the deity to his fellow man with impunity—I mean spiritual impunity, of course. For see: If I am at all satisfied with that relation, if it contents me to be in a position of generosity towards others, I must be remarkably indifferent at bottom to the gross social inequality which permits that position, and instead of resenting the enforced humiliation of my fellow man to myself, in the interests of humanity, I acquiesce in it for the sake of the profit it yields to my own self-complacency. I do hope the reign of benevolence is over; until that event occurs I am sure the reign of God will be impossible.—Henry James, Sr.

IT WILL DO IT

DO WHAT?

PURIFY YOUR BLOOD

And Costs Only 1 cent the Dose

WE MEAN

Green's Sarsaparilla Compound

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.

The Rexall Store

A THOMAS & CO.

CLARENCE PENNA.

Drilling Contractors

Well Drilling A Specialty

COAL AND CLAY PROSPECTING

Thoroughly experienced in all kinds of drilling. We understand the business in all its branches. Prepared at all times to give estimates on work. No job too small or too large for us. Reference furnished, based on contracts we have handled in Centre County.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Address

A. THOMAS,

Clarence, Pa.

LOST—A large diamond stone. Finder return to this office and receive liberal reward.

FOR RENT—Store room, also two dwellings, for rent in Milesburg Borough. Inquire of Toner A. Hugg. 3-25-tf.

CHAIRS CANED—Have you any chairs to re cane? If you have and want it done promptly, see or address J. C. Derr the only first-class, up-to-date chair caner in Bellefonte.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY—Hagley's hand-dipped chocolate confectionery Best 50c goods on market. Popular packages. Seal cards. Retailers make 30% profits. Whole supply to wholesale and retail dealers in Pennsylvania sold by J. S. Martin, Farrell, Pa.

The feet must be free from pain. Many women and men realize the comfort to be enjoyed by using Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken ntothe shoes before the dance. Since dancing has become so popular. Allen' Foot-Ease is in demand everywhere because it rests the feet and makes dancing a delight. For Free sample.

Penny-A-Word Column

FOR SALE—A cow and a horse. Inquire Jesse Leathers, Bellefonte Pa.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.,

FOR SALE OR RENT—House on Willowbank Street. Inquire of Mrs. S. Satterfield, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR RENT—Farm 3 miles from Bellefonte on Purdue Mountain. Good house, barn, outbuildings, spring water and telephone. William Burnside, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—14-room brick dwelling; latest improvements; suitable for roomers and boarders. Miss Catherine Miller, 107 South Bernard St., State College, Pa.

FOR SALE—High grade Holstein Friesian cows for sale, also 4 young bulls old enough for service; 4 heifers. All sired by Tioga King Clothilde No. 52325, H. F. H. B. These young cattle are 7/8 pure.—R. D. Musser, Spring Mills, Pa. Bell phone, 11—5.

FOR RENT—In the Exchange Building. The steam-heated double office recently occupied as the Democratic Headquarters. Also, storage rooms, at $1, $1.50 and $2 per month. F. W. Crider, t.f.

AGENTS WANTED—The money is yours if you grab this winner. Sells to every man—no talking. Show it and sale is made. Sample $1.00. Write Wyoming Co. 116 Wyoming St., Dayton, O.

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS—Either sex. Earn $12.50 per 100. Giving Free Pkgs. Blumer's Perfumed Laundry Starch. All or spare time. 1520 Blumer Bldg., Lincoln and Roscoe, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED—We pay $80 monthly salary and furnish rig and expenses to introduce guaranteed poultry and stock powders. Bigler Co., X975, Springfield; Illinois.

FARM LANDS—Small Missouri Farm $5 cash and $5 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to 3 big markets; wonderful opportunity; write for photographs and full information. Manger, F. 199 N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo

FOR SALE—The Mrs. Jonas G. Stine property, near Waddle. Six room house a good summer house, good stable, all necessary out-buildings, good fruit of all kinds and good running water, one acre of ground in good condition. Located one and one-half miles East of Waddle station. For particulars apply to Mrs. Jonas G. Stine, Stormstown, Pa., R. F. D. No. 1.

Bargains in Groceries.

We hear a good deal about the high cost of living. With us it is different. Our customers get high quality at low cost. It has always been our aim to give just a little better quality for the price, and honest weight and measure.

You are missing some splendid things in canned goods if you pass our large stocked line by. Our shelves are loaded with a wide variety of first class tins for your selection.

Garden making time is near. Don't overlook your selection of choice seeds until it is too late.

ROBERT MORRIS

Bellefonte - - Pa.

The Exploits of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama

By ARTHUR B. REEVE

The Well-Known Novelist and the Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories

Presented in Collaboration With the Pathe Players and the Eclectic Film Company

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SYNOPSIS.

The New York police are mystified by a series of murders of prominent men. The principal clue to the murderer is the warning letter which is sent the victims, signed with a "clutching hand." The latest victim of the mysterious assassin is Taylor Dodge, the insurance president. His daughter, Elaine, employs Craig Kennedy, the famous scientific detective, to try to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy accomplishes is told by his friend, Jameson, a newspaper man.

THIRD EPISODE

The Vanishing Jewels.

Banging away at my typewriter the next day, in Kennedy's laboratory, I was startled by the sudden, insistent ringing of the telephone near me.

"Hello," I answered, for Craig was at work at his table, trying still to extract some clue from the slender evidence thus far elicited in the Dodge mystery.

"Oh, Mr. Kennedy," I heard an excited voice over the wire reply, "my friend, Susie Martin, is here. Her father has just received a message from that Clutching Hand and—"

"Just a moment, Miss Dodge," I interrupted. "This is Mr. Jameson."

"Oh!" came back the voice, breathless and disappointed. "Let me have Mr. Kennedy—quick."

I had already passed the telephone to Craig and was watching him keenly as he listened over it.

He motioned to me for a pad and pencil that lay near me.

"Please read the letter again, slower, Miss Dodge," he asked, adding, "there isn't time for me to see it—just yet. But I want it exactly. You say it is made up of separate words and type cut from newspapers and pasted on note paper?"

I handed him paper and pencil.

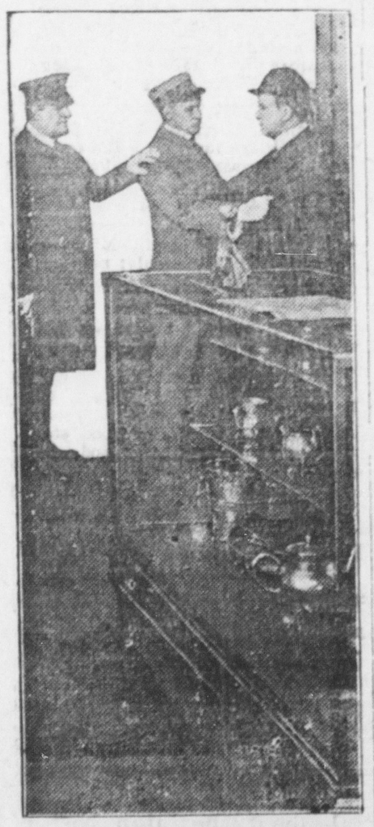
"All right, now, Miss Dodge, go ahead."

As he wrote he indicated to me by his eyes that he wanted me to read. I did so:

Sturtevant Martin, Jeweler,
No. 739½ Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Sir—As you have failed to deliver the $10,000, I shall rob your main diamond case at exactly noon today.

"Thank you, Miss Dodge," continued Kennedy, laying down the pencil. "Yes, I understand perfectly—signed by that same Clutching Hand. Let me see," he pondered, looking at his watch. "It is now half-past eleven. Very well. I shall meet you and Miss



A Remarkable Scene Greeted Us.

Martin at Mr. Martin's store directly."

It lacked five minutes of noon when Kennedy and I dashed up before Martin's and dismissed our taxicab.

A remarkable scene greeted us as we entered the famous jewelry shop. Involuntarily I drew back. Squarely in front of us a man had suddenly raised a revolver and leveled it at us.

"Don't!" cried a familiar voice. "That is Mr. Kennedy!"

Just then, from a little knot of people, Elaine Dodge sprang forward with a cry and seized the gun.

Kennedy turned to her, apparently not half so much concerned about the automatic that yawned at him as about the anxiety of the pretty girl who had intervened. The too eager plain-clothes man lowered the gun sheepishly.

Sturtevant Martin was a typical society business man, quietly but richly dressed.

In the excitement I glanced about hurriedly.

Directly in front of me was a sign tacked up on a pillar, which read: "This store will be closed at noon today. Martin & Co."

All the customers were gone.

Martin himself was evidently very nervous and very much alarmed. Indeed, no one could blame him for that. Merely to have been singled out by this amazing master criminal was enough to cause panic. Already he had engaged detectives, prepared for whatever might happen, and they had advised him to leave the diamonds in the counter, clear the store and let the crooks try anything, if they dared.

Just back of us, and around the corner, as we came in, we had noticed a limousine which had driven up. Three faultlessly attired dandies had entered a doorway down the street, as we learned afterward, apparently going to a fashionable tailor's which occupied the second floor of the old-fashioned building, the first floor having been renovated and made ready for renting. Had we been there a moment sooner we might have seen, I suppose, that one of them nodded to a taxicab driver, who was standing at a public hack stand a few feet up the block. The driver nodded unostentatiously back at the man.

In spite of the excitement, Kennedy quietly examined the showcase, which was, indeed, a veritable treasure store of brilliants.

Slowly the hands of the clock came nearer together at noon.

We all gathered about the showcase, with its glittering hoard of wealth, forming a circle at a respectable distance.

In deep-lunged tones the clock played the chords written, I believe, by Handel. Then it began striking.

Nothing had happened.

We all breathed a sigh of relief.

"Well, it is still there!" exclaimed Martin, pointing at the showcase with a forced laugh.

Suddenly came a rending and crashing sound. It seemed as if the very floor on which we stood was giving way.

The showcase, with all its priceless contents, went smashing into the cellar below.

The flooring beneath the case had been cut through!

All crowded forward, gazing at the black, yawning cavern.

Down below, three men, covered with smocks and their faces hidden by masks, had knocked the props away from the ceiling of the cellar, which they had sawed almost through at their leisure, and the showcase had landed eight or ten feet below, shivered into a thousand bits.

A volley of shots whizzed past us, and another. While one crook was hastily stuffing the untold wealth of jewels into a burlap bag the others had drawn revolvers and were firing up through the hole in the floor desperately.

"Look out!" cried someone behind us before we could recover from our first surprise and return the fire.

One of the desperadoes had taken a bomb from under his smock, lighted it and thrown it up through the hole in the floor.

It sailed up over our heads and landed near our little group, on the floor, the fuse sputtering ominously.

I heard an exclamation of fear from Elaine.

Kennedy had pushed his way past us and picked up the deadly infernal machine in his bare hands.

I watched him, fascinated. As near as he dared, he approached the hole in the floor, still holding the thing off at arm's length. Would he never throw it?

He was coolly holding it, allowing the fuse to burn down closer to the explosion point.

It was now within less than an inch of sure death.

Suddenly he raised it and hurled the deadly thing down through the hole.

We could hear the imprecations of the crooks as it struck the cellar floor, near them.

"Leave the store—quick!" rang out Kennedy's voice.

Down below the crooks were beating a hasty retreat through a secret entrance which they had effected.

"The bag! The bag!" we could hear one of them bellow.

"The bomb—run!" cried another voice gruffly.

The explosion that followed lifted us fairly off our feet.

As the smoke from the explosion cleared away, Kennedy could be seen, the first to run forward.

Meanwhile Martin's detectives had rushed down a flight of back stairs that led into a coal cellar. With coal shovels and bars, anything they could lay hands on, they attacked the door that opened forward from the coal cellar into the front basement where the robbers had been.

A moment Kennedy and Bennett paused on the brink of the abyss which the bomb had made, waiting for the smoke to decrease. Then they began to climb down cautiously over the piled-up wreckage.

The explosion had set the basement afire, but the fire had not gained much headway by the time they reached the basement. Quickly Kennedy ran to the door into the coal cellar and opened it.

From the other side Martin, followed by the police and the detectives, burst in.

"Fire!" cried one of the policemen, leaping back to turn in an alarm from the special apparatus upstairs.

All except Martin began beating out the flames, using such weapons as they already held in their hands to batter down the door.

To Martin there was one thing paramount—the jewels.

In the midst of the confusion, Elaine, closely followed by her friend, Susie, made her way fearlessly into the stifle of smoke down the stairs.

"There are your jewels, Mr. Martin," cried Kennedy, kicking the precious burlap bag with his foot as if it had been so much ordinary merchandise, and turning toward what was in his mind the most important thing at stake—the direction taken by the agents of the Clutching Hand.

"Thank heaven!" ejaculated Martin, fairly pouncing on the bag and tearing it open. "They didn't get away with them—after all!" he exclaimed, examining the contents with satisfaction.

* * * * * * *

Events were moving rapidly.

The limousine had been standing innocently enough at the curb near the corner, with the taxicab close behind it.

Less than ten minutes after they had entered, three well-dressed men came out of the vacant shop, apparently from the tailor's above, and climbed leisurely into their car.

As the last one entered, he half turned to the taxicab driver, hiding from passers-by the sign of the Clutching Hand, which the taxicab driver returned in the same manner. Then the big car whirled up the avenue.

All this we learned later from a street sweeper who was at work near by.

* * * * * * *

Down below, while the police and detectives were putting out the fire, Kennedy was examining the wall of the cellar, looking for the spot where the crooks had escaped.

"A secret door!" he exclaimed, as he paused after tapping along the wall to determine its character. "You can see how the force of the explosion has loosened it."

Sure enough, when he pointed it out to us, it was plainly visible. One of the detectives picked up a crowbar and others, still with the hastily selected implements they had seized to fight the fire, started in to pry it open.

As it yielded Kennedy rushed his way through; Elaine, always utterly fearless, followed. Then the rest of us went through.

There seemed to be nothing, however, that would help us in the cellar next door, and Kennedy mounted the steps of a stairway in the rear.

The stairway led to a sort of storeroom, full of barrels and boxes, but otherwise characterless. When I arrived Kennedy was gingerly holding up the smocks which the crooks had worn.

"We're on the right trail," commented Elaine as he showed them to her, "but where do you suppose the owners are?"

Craig shrugged his shoulders and gave a quick look about. "Evidently they came in from and went away by the street," he observed, hurrying to the door, followed by Elaine.

On the sidewalk he gazed up the avenue, then catching sight of the street cleaner, called to him.

"Yes, sor," replied the man, stolidly, looking up from his work. "I see three gintlemen come out and get into an automobile."

"Which way did they go?" asked Kennedy.

For answer the man jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the general direction uptown.

With keen glance, Kennedy strained his eyes. Far up the avenue he could descry the car threading its way in and out among the others, just about disappearing.

A moment later Craig caught sight of the vacant taxicab and crooked his finger at the driver, who answered promptly by cranking his engine.

"You saw that limousine standing here?" asked Craig.

"Yes," nodded the chauffeur, with a show of alertness.

"Well, follow it," ordered Kennedy, jumping into the cab.

"Yes, sir."

Craig was just about to close the door when a slight figure flashed past us and a dainty foot was placed on the step.

"Please, Mr. Kennedy," pleaded Elaine, "let me go. They may lead to my father's slayer."

She said it so earnestly that Craig could scarcely have resisted if he had wanted to do so.

Just as Elaine and Kennedy were moving off I came out of the vacant store, with Bennett and the detectives.

"Craig!" I cried. "Where are you going?"

Kennedy stuck his head out of the window, and I am quite sure that he was not altogether displeased that I was not with him.

"Chasing that limousine," he shouted back. "Follow us in another car."

A moment later he and Elaine were gone.

Bennett and I looked about.

"There are a couple of cabs—down there." I pointed out at the other end of the block. "I'll take one, you take the other."

Who, besides Bennett, went in the other car I don't know, but it made no difference, for we soon lost them. Our driver, however, was a really clever fellow. Far ahead now we could see the limousine drive around a corner, making a dangerous swerve. Kennedy's cab followed, skidding dangerously near a pole.

But the taxicab was no match for the powerful limousine. On uptown they went, the only thing preventing the limousine from escaping being the fear of pursuit by traffic police if the driver let out speed. They were content to manage to keep just far enough ahead to be out of danger of having Kennedy overhaul them. As for us, we followed as best we could, on uptown, past the city line, and out into the country.

There Kennedy lost sight altogether of the car he was trailing. Worse than that, we lost sight of Kennedy. Still we kept on blindly, trusting to luck and common sense in picking the road.

I was peering ahead over the driver's shoulder, the window down, trying to direct him, when we approached a fork in the road. Here was a dilemma which must be decided at once, rightly or wrongly.

As we neared the crossroad I gave an involuntary exclamation. Beside the road, almost on it, lay the figure of a man. Our driver pulled up with a jerk and I was out of the car in an instant.

There lay Kennedy! Someone had blackjacked him. He was groaning and just beginning to show signs of consciousness as I bent over.

"What's the matter, old man?" I asked, helping him to his feet.

He looked about dazed a moment, then seeing me and comprehending, he pointed excitedly, but vaguely.

"Elaine!" he cried. "They've kidnaped Elaine!"

* * * * * * *

What had really happened, as we learned later from Elaine and others, was that when the crossroads was reached the three crooks in the limousine had stopped long enough to speak to an accomplice stationed there, according to their plan for a getaway. He was a tough-looking individual who might have been hoboing it to the city.

When, a few minutes later, Kennedy and Elaine had approached the fork, their driver had slowed up, as if

Kennedy Quietly Examined the Showcase.

in doubt which way to go. Craig had stuck his head out of the window, as I had done, and, seeing the crossroads, had told the chauffeur to stop. There stood the hobo.

"Did a car pass here, just now—a big car?" called Craig.

The man put his hand to his ear, as if only half comprehending.

"Which way did the big car go?" repeated Kennedy.

The hobo approached the taxicab sullenly, as if he had a grudge against cars in general.

One question after another elicited little that could be construed as intelligence. If Craig had only been able to see, he would have found out that, with his back toward the taxicab driver, the hobo held one hand behind him and made the sign of the Clutching Hand, glancing surreptitiously at the driver to catch the answering sign, while Craig gazed earnestly up the two roads.

At last Craig gave him up as hopeless. "Well—go ahead—that way," he indicated, picking the most likely road.

As the chauffeur was about to start he stalled his engine.

"Hurry!" urged Craig, exasperated at the delays.

The driver got out and tried to crank the engine. Again and again he turned it over, but somehow it refused to start. Then he lifted the hood and began to tinker.

"What's the matter?" asked Craig, impatiently jumping out and bending over the engine, too.

The driver shrugged his shoulders. "Must be something wrong with the ignition, I guess," he replied.

Kennedy looked the car over hastily. "I can't see anything wrong," he frowned.

"Well, there is," growled the driver.

Precious minutes were speeding away as they argued. Finally with his characteristic energy, Kennedy put the taxicab driver aside.

"Let me try it," he said. "Miss Dodge, will you arrange that spark and throttle?"

Elaine, equal to anything, did so, and Craig bent down and cranked the engine. It started on the first spin.

"See;" he exclaimed. "There wasn't anything, after all."

He took a step toward the taxicab.

"Mr. Kennedy—look out!" cried Elaine.

Craig turned. But it was too late. The rough-looking fellow had awakened to life. Suddenly he stepped up behind Kennedy with a blackjack. As the heavy weight descended Craig crumpled up on the ground unconscious.

With a scream, Elaine turned and started to run. But the chauffeur seized her arm.

"Say, bo," he asked of the rough fellow, "what does Clutching Hand want with her? Quick! There's another cab likely to be along in a moment with that fellow Jameson in it."

The rough fellow, with an oath, seized her and dragged her into the taxicab. "Go ahead!" he growled, indicating the road.

And away they sped, leaving Kennedy unconscious on the side of the road, where we found him.

* * * * * * *

"What are we to do?" I asked helplessly of Kennedy, when we had at last got him on his feet.

His head still ringing from the force of the blow of the blackjack, Craig stooped down, then knelt in the dust of the road, then ran ahead a bit, where it was somewhat muddy.

"Which way—which way?" he muttered to himself.

I thought perhaps the blow had affected him and leaned over to see what he was doing. Instead, he was studying the marks made by the tire of the Clutching Hand cab.

More slowly now and carefully, we proceeded, for a mistake meant losing the trail of Elaine.

We came to another crossroads and the driver glanced at Craig. "Stop!" he ordered.

In another instant he was down in the dirt, examining the road for marks.

"That way!" he indicated, leaping back to the running board.

We piled back into the car and proceeded under Kennedy's direction, as fast as he would permit. So it continued, perhaps for a couple of hours.

At last Kennedy stopped the cab and slowly directed the driver to veer into an open space that looked particularly lonesome. Near it stood a one-story brick factory building, closed, but not abandoned.

As I looked about at the unattractive scene, Kennedy already was down on his knees in the dirt again, studying the tire tracks. They were all confused, showing that the taxicab we were following had evidently backed in and turned several times before going on.

"Crossed by another set of tire tracks!" he exclaimed excitedly, studying closer. "That must have been the limousine, waiting."

Laboriously he was following the course of the cars in the open space, when one word escaped him, "Footprints!"

He was up and off in a moment, before we could imagine what he was after. We had got out of the cab, and followed him as, down to the very shore of a sort of cove or bay, he went. There lay a rusty, discarded boiler on the beach, half submerged in the rising tide. At this tank the footprints seemed to go right down the sand and into the waves, which were slowly obliterating them. Kennedy gazed out as if to make out a possible boat on the horizon where the cove widened out.

"Look!" I cried.

Further down the shore, a few feet, I had discovered the same prints, going in the opposite direction, back toward the place from which he had just come. I started to follow them but soon found myself alone. Kennedy had paused beside the old boiler.

"What is it?" I asked, retracing my steps.

He did not answer, but seemed to be listening. We listened also. There certainly was a most peculiar noise inside that tank.

Was it a muffled scream?

Kennedy reached down and picked up a rock, hitting the tank with a resounding blow. As the echo died down, he listened again.

Yes, there was a sound—a scream, perhaps—a woman's voice, faint but unmistakable.

I looked at his face inquiringly. Without a word I read in it the confirmation of the thought that had flashed into my mind.

Elaine Dodge was inside!

* * * * * * * *

First had come the limousine, with its three bandits, to the spot fixed on as a rendezvous. Later had come the taxicab. As it hove into sight, the three well-dressed crooks had drawn revolvers, thinking perhaps the plan for getting rid of Kennedy might possibly have miscarried. But the taxicab driver and the rough-faced fellow had reassured them with the sign of the Clutching Hand, and the revolvers were lowered.

As they parleyed hastily, the roughneck and the fake chauffeur lifted Elaine out of the taxi. She was bound and gagged.

"Well, now we've got her, what shall we do with her?" asked one.

"It's got to be quick. There's another cab," put in the driver.

"The deuce with that."

"The deuce with nothing," he returned. "That fellow Kennedy's a clever one. He may come to. If he does, he won't miss us. Quick, now!"

"See," cried the third. "See that old boiler down there at the edge of the water? Why not put her in there? No one'll ever think to look in such a place."

With a hasty expression of approval, the roughneck picked Elaine up bodily, still struggling vainly, and together they carried her, bound and gagged, to the tank. The opening, which was toward the water, was small, but they managed, roughly, to thrust her in.

A moment later and they had rolled up a huge bowlder against the small entrance, bracing it so that it would be impossible for her to get out from the inside. Then they drove off hastily.

Frantically Elaine managed to loosen the gag. She screamed. Her voice seemed to be bound around by the iron walls as she was herself. She shuddered. The water was rising—had reached her chest, and was still rising, slowly, inexorably.

What was that? Silence? Or was someone outside?

* * * * * * * *

Coolly, in spite of the emergency, Kennedy took in the perilous situation.

The lower end of the boiler, which was on a slant on the rapidly shelving beach, was now completely under water and impossible to get at. Besides, the opening was small, too small.

Kennedy gazed about frantically and his eye caught the sign on the factory:

OXYACETYLENE WELDING CO.

"Come, Walter," he cried, running up the shore.

A moment later, breathless, we reached the doorway. It was, of course, locked. Kennedy whipped out his revolver and several well-directed shots through the keyhole smashed the lock. We put our shoulders to it and swung the door open, entering the factory.

Beside a work bench stood two long cylinders, studded with bolts.

"That's what I'm looking for," exclaimed Craig. "Here, Walter, take one. I'll take the other—and the tubes—and—"

We ran, for there was no time to lose. As nearly as I could estimate it, the water must now be slowly closing over Elaine.

"What is it?" I asked, as he joined up the tubes from the tanks to the peculiar hooklike apparatus he carried.

"An oxyacetylene blowpipe," he muttered back feverishly. "Used for welding and cutting, too," he added.

With a light he touched the nozzle, instantly a hissing, blinding flame-needle made the steel under it incandescent. The terrific heat from one nozzle made the steel glow. The stream of oxygen from the second completely consumed the hot metal.

Kennedy was actually cutting out a huge hole in the still exposed surface of the tank—all around, except for a few inches, to prevent the heavy piece from falling inward.

As Kennedy carefully bent outward the section of the tank which he had cut, he quickly reached down and lifted Elaine, unconscious, out of the water.

Gently he laid her on the sand. It was the work of only a moment to cut the cords that bound her hands.

There she lay, pale and still. Was she dead?

Kennedy worked frantically to revive her.

At last, slowly, the color seemed to return to her pale lips. Her eyelids fluttered. Then her great, deep eyes opened.

As she looked up and caught sight of Craig bending anxiously over her, she seemed to comprehend. For a moment both were silent. Then Elaine reached up and took his hand.

"Craig," she whispered, "you—you've saved my life!"

Her tone was eloquent.

"Elaine," he whispered, still gazing down into her wonderful eyes, "the Clutching Hand shall pay for this! It is a fight to a finish between us!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BLUNDERS IN BATTLE.

Cases Where Troops Have Fired Upon Their Own People.

It was at Beacon hill during the Boer war that there happened one of the saddest incidents in the history of the British army. The East Surrey were in a hollow between two hills creeping up the valley. The West Surrey regiment, half a mile away, caught sight of the crouching figures and took them for Boers.

In a moment a heavy volley rang out, and it was not until an officer, realizing the mistake, rushed out in front of the West Surreys that the firing ceased.

A nurse, writing afterward from the Estcourt hospital, said it was pitiful to see the West Surreys coming in one after another, bringing cigarettes, dainties, any present they could find, for the wounded men, then, hearing their groans, turn away, saying: "God forgive us! This is our work!"

One of the strangest cases of troops firing upon their own people occurred in Roumania in the year 1885. At that time Roumania was in a very disturbed condition, and bands of robbers—regular banditti—prowled over the country, raiding the villages and farms. The largest of these bands made its headquarters in the forest of Rhodope and gradually increased until it became 300 strong. It spread terror through the whole countryside, and at last the government sent a body of troops to hunt it down.

The robber band was located on top of a mountain, and the colonel in command of the troops split his forces and sent half up each side so as to attack from two points simultaneously.

A thick fog fell, and the robbers took advantage of it to sneak away quietly by a path known only to themselves. The troops, unaware of this maneuver, continued their ascent, and the two bodies, each crawling along under cover of rocks and brushwood, met at the top. They at once opened fire and fought desperately for a whole hour before the mistake was discovered. Eighty were killed and 300 wounded.—Philadelphia Ledger.

GOOD NATURED ELEPHANTS.

Peculiarities of Some of the Herds of West Africa.

In 1905 I found myself near the Inzia river, an important affluent of the Kwilu, flowing through a fertile region which is infested by herds of elephants, a source of constant anxiety and frequent losses to the inhabitants.

In a country like this, where he is not hunted by man in the ordinary way and the only means for his destruction are cruel but easily avoided pitfalls, the elephant is decidedly good natured. We were told by the mission boys at Pana that in the rainless season, when their usual haunts are dried up, the elephants frequently wander near the river and attack the plantations. The natives try to drive them away with sticks!

"But it is no good hitting them or throwing stones at them," I was told. "They generally refuse to take any notice. Sometimes a mother with a calf will turn on us and chase us for a hundred yards or so, but no real harm is meant and the animal is not really angry, for all the signs of fury—spread ears and raised trunk—are absent. All the same, we do run away, although we know there is no danger. One day a boy fell when thus pursued, but the elephant only threw sand on him."

As I have myself seen a man just pushed out of the way by one of these good natured monsters, when the animal had more than enough provocation to kill him, I was inclined to accept this account as true.—Wide World Magazine.

Poaching an Egg.

The food value of an egg is enormous, but an invalid tires of eggs served in the ordinary way. Here is a method involving some trouble, but worth it for the sick person's sake. Break an egg into a flat dish of cold water and let it remain covered with muslin for twelve hours. Then pour the water off very gently indeed, so as to prevent the egg going with it. Now poach the latter in boiling water, adding just a tiny pinch of salt. This, nicely served, can be eaten by any one, for it melts in the mouth literally. Two might be cooked, for done in this way one egg is not much.—Buffalo News.

Devilfish.

Devilfish weighing up to 200 pounds are sometimes caught in Japan. These fish are amphibious. They are often seen wabbling on their tentacles like giant spiders in search of patches of sweet potatoes. The natives kill them with clubs. In the water they are caught in jars lowered to the bottom, which the octopus enters, thinking them a good retreat from which to catch its food.

Proverb Didn't Apply.

Mrs. Brown was in the kitchen helping Nora, the cook, prepare supper.

"It's an old saying," she remarked to Nora, "that 'too many cooks spoil the broth.' What do you think?"

"Sure, mum," she replied, "there's nothing to worry about. There's only one cook here."—National Monthly.

One Way Only.

"I always pay as I go," remarked the careful individual.

"Lots of fellows do that who don't have enough to pay their way back," added the mere man.—Judge.

Appropriate Place.

"Have you a history of this century's battles?"

"Yes. I keep it in my scrapbook."—Baltimore American.

BUSY KEEPING PARTY PLEDGES

Republican Leaders Do Not Break Faith With People.

STAND BY PLATFORM, IS MOTTO

Passage of Suffrage Amendment, Introduction of Workman's Compensation Bill by Chairman Crow and Agitation For Better Highways and a Fair Child Labor Law Indicate Square Deal to the Electorate.

Harrisburg, March 23.—Simultaneously with the approval by the state senate of the resolution proposing the equal suffrage amendment to the constitution, a workman's compensation law was introduced in both branches of the legislature by Senator Crow and Representative William H. Wilson. The following day Republican leaders took up the question of giving the people better highways, and then came a hearing on four child labor bills, with a strong indication that a law will be placed upon the statute books calling for reasonable, but nevertheless effective, regulations governing the employment of minors.

These four events prove that the Republican party is determined to redeem every pledge made in the platform on which Senator Penrose, Governor Brumbaugh and the other nominees ran last fall. Already conclusive proof is at hand that State Chairman Crow wants every plank of the platform lived up to, and he is unwilling that the legislature adjourn until the people are given what was promised them during the campaign of 1914.

REP. WILLIAM D. WALTON,

Lawrence County Legislator, Who Introduced Third Class City Civil Service Bill.

The passage of the suffrage amendment was a disagreeable surprise to the enemies of the Republican party, who have been claiming that at no time have the leaders been disposed to put this question up to the people. Throughout the campaign it was frequently asserted from the rostrum and in the press that the amendment was marked for defeat in the senate, and that those desiring suffrage would have to begin over again two years from now.

Pledged Its Submission.

But Chairman Crow insisted that the amendment pass, not because he favored it, but for the reason that the party he represented had pledged its submission to the voters. The Republican chairman was the first recognized by the Lieutenant Governor when the amendment was reached in the senate. Senator Crow asked for its passage to make good the party pledge.

"Two years ago," said Crow, "I opposed this resolution with all the force at my command. Later, the Republican party was committed to the proposition of presenting the woman suffrage question to the people of the state. On that platform all the Republican party's senate candidates and its assembly candidates were elected.

"To what extent hold-over members of the senate, elected in 1912, are under obligation to support the resolution has been a matter of discussion. At least they are obligated to the extent of being members of a party that gave the pledge. As to what should be the attitude of those elected on the platform of last year, there can be no question.

"The question before us is: Shall the party pledge be kept? It is as much an obligation of the party to pass this resolution as to fulfill any other platform pledge."

Caring For Employes.

Senator Crow is equally as determined that the toilers of Pennsylvania be given the benefit of a workman's compensation act, one that will adequately take care of the employe without ruining the establishments where employes secure a living.

"The Republican party is pledged to a compensation law just as strongly as it was pledged to the suffrage amendment," said Senator Crow recently in discussing the platform. "We are going to enact a law that will meet with the approval of a majority of employes in Pennsylvania and which will not be fought to any extent by the employers. The latter—that is most of them—feel that the tendency of the times in in the direction of such legislation, and they are not opposed to Pennsylvania falling in line.

"As for good roads and reasonable child labor laws, the Republican party will see that the people get both of these demands. Of course the appropriations for roads must be liberal and we must not permit a situation like two years ago, when the big commissioner was asked to perform miracles in the way of building repairing roads without funds in ha.

Fair to All Sides.

"There is such a conflict of opinion regarding the child labor bills before the legislature that it would be impossible to predict the outcome. All I can say is that the Republican party will do its share towards enacting a law that will be fair to all sides. I find that the manufacturers are agreeable to go half way in giving the people what they desire concerning the regulation of working hours for children. This should make a just child labor bill a certainty.

"I am not one of those who believes that because a man happens to be an employer of labor he is anxious to squeeze the life's blood out of his employes. There is no conspiracy on foot to crush women and children, and the more the situation is studied the more evident it becomes that employers are as anxious to remedy any defects as are the women who make up child labor associations in this and adjoining states.

"Over half a billion dolars of capital is represented in the manufacturing establishments of Pennsylvania. The investing of so vast an amount of money enables thousands and thousands of people to earn a living, and after all that is what they desire more than anything else. Especially at this time, when as a result of Democratic tariff tinkering we are suffering a depression, the people of Pennsylvania want work far more than they want sweeping regulations of work hours. To use almost the exact language of the Republican state platform, no child should be permitted to labor under conditions which will injure his usefulness as a future citizen. At the same time the law we enact must not hamper industries to such an extent that they will be unable to employ any boy or girl. This would be doing a terrible injustice to an army of poor people all over Pennsylvania."

Election Bills In.

The election bills approved by the Republican state committee have been introduced in the senate, and their rapid passage through both branches is expected. The nature of these proposed changes has already been explained in this correspondence.

What is, perhaps, the most important bill in the lot would prevent the substitution of names on a ticket after the primary. As the law stands at present a nominee may retire from the ticket and the committee representing the particular political party to which he belongs is privileged to "appoint" a candidate for the vacancy. In this way many weak Democratic and so-called reform tickets are bolstered up so as to injure Republican candidates regularly nominated by the people.

Republicans are unanimous for this measure, for it is felt that its passage will be a decided obstacle in future to the schemes of collusion and fraud hatched by men who mask as reformers.

It will be impossible under this act for a candidate to withdraw from a ticket. A vacancy can only occur in case of the death of the nominee. Even if a candidate announces publicly that he does not want the support of the electorate his name will remain on the ballot.

Another bill wipes out the non-partisan method of electing supreme, superior, common pleas and orphans' court judges; also councilman in second and third class cities.

Judges' Expenditures.

Senator Vare, of Philadelphia, presented a bill which is designed to prevent the expenditure of large sums of money to either elect or defeat candidates for the judiciary. This bill was prepared by Attorney General Brown and will have the backing of the Brumbaugh administration.

Experience in recent state-wide campaigns for the nomination and election of judges showed that some candidates were beneficiaries of large campaign funds, or at least there were heavy expenditures made in their behalf.

Judges George B. Orlady and George B. Head, of the superior court, are candidates for re-election this year. President Judge Charles E. Rice does not aspire to re-election.

The Vare bill would make it unlawful for any person, committee or organization to contribute or expend any money or other valuable things for election expenses or to promote the nomination of any candidate for any judicial office or to defeat or prevent the nomination of any such candidate. It is provided, however, that contributions may be made direct to any candidate for nomination for judicial offices.

The Walton bill providing for civil service for policemen, firemen and those connected with the engineering and electrical departments of third class cities is through the house, but its prospects in the senate are not specially promising.

Senator Clark's bill to repeal the cold storage act of 1913, which, it is claimed, has operated against farmers, consumers and produce men, passed the senate by a vote of 32 to 7. It is now in the house.

A movement is on foot to impound the money colected by the anthracite tax law for the purpose of highway improvements. This will be vigorously fought by the anthracite region legislators. They say that instead of receiving only one-half the fund, as the law now directs, the entire tax should go to the counties that produce the coal. The suggestion that the state take all the money will bring to Harrisburg an army of protesting citizens from the northeastern counties.

FOR SAFETY FROM LIGHTNING

Scientist Tells What to Do When One Is Caught in Thunderstorm Far From Shelter.

It is considered dangerous to be the most prominent object in a field or common during a thunder storm. Indeed, more persons are struck and killed in this way than when sheltering under trees. What, then, is a man or woman or child to do when caught in the open in a thunder storm? They may take shelter, says Sir Ray Lankester, in a wood, though not under any isolated tree nor under a long high hedgerow.

They should ask for shelter in any available house or cottage. Failing this, they may (as goats and sheep and cattle do) get under a low-lying rock-face, or into a ditch, or dry hole, or even, if the storm is close round them, lie flat on the ground. It is less dangerous to be wet through than dry, since wet clothes may, and have before now, saved a man's life, owing to the fact that they are good conductors and allow the electric current to pass away without obstruction.

General Macard in Action.

The story of the Siberian soldiers who refuse to have their beards cut, because their shagginess is supposed to frighten the Germans, recalls Marbot's account of Brigadier General Macard, one of the Revolution's rankers. When about to charge, this huge man used to cry: "Look here! I'm going to dress like a beast." Then he stripped off his coat, vest and shirt, keeping on only his plumed hat, leather breeches and boots, and exposing a chest almost as shaggy as a bear's. In this guise he charged, waving his saber and swearing "like a pagan." And, "at sight of this giant, half-naked, hairy all over, and in such a strange outfit, who was hurling himself at them and uttering the most fearful yells, his opponents would bolt on all sides, scarcely knowing if they had a man to deal with or some strange wild animal.

When Man "Goes West."

A soldier writing from the trenches asks what is the meaning of the soldier's curious phrase for death, "Going West." Can any reader suggest an answer to this question? Is it soldier slang, or is it a phrase that has grown up during the present war? If a poetical explanation were permissible, the metaphor would be obvious. As the sun goes west so life travels to its end. Henley put the thought in some of his finest lines—

Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene—death.

Dismissing that symbolical interpretation, one can only guess that the phrase comes from America or the colonies. It is possible, though, we never heard of it in the eastern states of America, that "going West" may be a slang phrase for dying, being considered from an eastern point of view as an equal misfortune. One has to remember that in this war America, Australia and India are all making contributions of men and along with them contributions of slang.—Manchester Guardian.

No Songs Like Old Songs.

The author of "Only a Pansy Blossom" is dead. He was an Iowa man named Frank Howard, and his pathetic ditty netted him a fortune. "Only a Pansy Blossom" was being played and sung to the extent of almost being a nuisance some twenty-five years ago. Mr. Howard also wrote "When the Robins Nest Again," another big song success that was whistled and sung and warbled to a threadbare extent and contributed comfortably to Mr. Howard's wordly means. They have quit writing songs with the punch of "Only a Pansy Blossom." The ragtime stuff about "a big black coon who liked to spoon with that yellow gal in the light of the moon," has supplanted the pansy-blossom variety. While it generally is contended that the world is growing better, there are some departments in the scheme of the universe that have not been improved.—Burlington Gazette.

The Federal Reserve Banks.

The Federal Reserve system will not make a good bank out of a bad one, but it gives added strength to every well managed institution.

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Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall, 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:35 P. M.
Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A M., 3:56 and 8:35 P M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1914 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M
Lv.	Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.0.
	Coleville	6.35	10.0	2.07
	Morris	f 6.38	.....	f 2.13
	Stevens	f 6.43	.....	f 2.17
	Hunters Park	f 6.46	.....	f 2.21
	Fillmore	f 6.50	f 10.34	f 2.25
	Briarly	f 6.55	.....	f 2.33
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
	Krumrine	f 7.12	.....	f 2.50
	State College	7. 5	11.10	3.30
	Strubles	f 7. 7	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	A. M.	4	
Lv.	Pine Grove Mill	7.35	.....	f 3.30
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.40	.....	.....
	Strubles	f 7.45	.....	3.30
	State College	8.00	12.00n	f 5.03
	Krumrine	f 8.07		f 5.00
	Waddles	8.20	12.00	f 5.25
	Briarly	f 8.24	.....	5.37
	Fillmore	f 8.28	f 12.28	f 5.38
	Hunters Park	f 8.31	.....	f 5.40
	Stevens	f 8.35	.....	f 5.40
	Morris	f 8.37	.....	f 5.40
	Coleville	8.40	12.40	f 5.56
	Bellefonte	8.50	12.50	f 6.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

CHICHESTER S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling.
50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

EAT ANYTHING, ANYTIME!
Believe that after-dinner distress, remove the cause of lassitude, drowsiness and headache, the symptoms of INDIGESTION, take nature's remedy

SEVEN BARKS

It quickly clears the system by its natural tonic action on the bowels, and restores vigor to a weary stomach. Clears the blood and eradicates Uric Acid. Price 50 cents a bottle at all druggists or from the proprietor,
Lyman Brown, 68 Murray St., New York City.

The Main Thing Ab out
FIRE INSURANCE

Is carrying a sufficient amoun o really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

Also represent The Preferred accident Insurance company of New York, which issues $5,000 Travel Policy at $12.00 per year.

Harry E. Fenlon
Temple Court - - - Bellefonte, Pa
Real Estate Bought and Sold,
RENTS COLLECTED.

Here and There.

Watch for the Varneys.

John Conley and Guy Kline spent Sunday in Williamsport.

Miss Mollie Snyder was an arrival home from New York on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Thompson spent the forepart of the week in Pittsburgh.

Miss Anna Wilson, of Altoona, is a guest of her sister, Mrs. Harry C. Yeager.

Dr. and Mrs. John A. Hardenberg, of Millheim, were visitors in town on Tuesday.

John T. Harris, of Harrisburg, visited here over Sunday with his mother, Mrs. H. P. Harris.

Sidney Furst, Esq., of Lock Haven, transacted business in town between trains on Tuesday.

Mrs. M. M. Jacobs, of Mifflin, visited here several days last week at the home of her sister, Mrs. F. W. Crider.

Mr. and Mrs. George G. Fink and son Claire, of Martha, motored to town yesterday and shopped for several hours.

Mrs. Carl Beck returned this week to her home in Pittsburgh, after a brief visit here with her mother, Mrs. John Harrison.

Mrs. Eva Parker, after visiting several weeks with her sister, Mrs. Bidwell, returned on Saturday to her home in Jersey Shore.

Railroad police on Monday arrested several Bellefonte young men for riding a freight to Lock Haven some weeks ago. Each paid a fine of $7 and costs.

Mrs. Hugh N. Crider departed on Monday for Mudlavia Springs, Indiana, where she will remain a week with her mother, Mrs. R. B. Freeman of Tyrone.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur T. Twitmire were arrivals home on Monday from Shamokin, where they attended the sessions of the Methodist Episcopal Conference.

Mrs. J. Thomas Mitchell entertained on Tuesday afrernoon in honor of Mrs. Robert DeGolyer, of Evaston, Illinois, who is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Louisa Harris.

Dr. and Mrs. G. G. Pond, of State College, motored to Bellefonte on Tuesday to attend the Study Class in the evening. Mrs. Pond read a very interesting paper on "Germany."

Mrs. H. C. Quigley entertained on Thursday last with a sauerkraut luncheon. On the same day Mrs. Joseph L. Montgomery gave a tea, and Mrs. Patsy Stewart was hostess at a dinner party.

The Study Course will meet at the High School building on Tuesday evening, March 30th, at 8 o'clock. J. Norman Sherer will give a paper on "Germany and Russia." All are cordially invited.

Chief of Police Dukeman several days ago arrested a Milesburg young man supposed to be wanted for deserting from the United States Army. Later a telegram from Washington stated that the young man was not wanted since he had been dishonorably discharged.

The Tyrone High School girls basketball team will play the Bellefonte High School girls team on Friday evening, at 7.45 o'clock, on the local floor. The game will mark the close of the season for the Bellefonte team. Give the girls a big attendance. Admission 25c.

The regular meeting of the Woman's Club will meet in the High School building on Monday, March 29th at 7.30 o'clock. The paper of the evening will be given by Mrs. Arthur H. Sloop. Her subject is, "Women under Pennsylvania Law. Rights in connection with children."

Professor and Mrs. C. C. Robinson, of State College, were visitors in town between trains on Monday morning. They were enroute to the Pacific coast with the members of the Penn State male quartette the party traveling as guests of the Santa Fe Railroad. Prof. Robinson is director of music at Penn State.

The final collection of papers, magazines, old books and rubber for the Women's Auxiliary of the Y. M. C. A. will be made next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, March 29—31. Any one who has saved these things and cannot send them to the Y. M. C. A. will please notify Mrs. J. E. Ward or Miss M. H. Linn.

Palm Sunday services, together with the reception of members, will be held in St. John's Reformed church next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Special music at all of the services. Services will be held every evening during Holy Week, except Saturday at 7.30. On Good Friday there will be services at 2 o'clock, and preparatory service at 7. 30.

Something worthy of merit in financial legerdemain is the record of the Republic Casualty Co., of Ohio, which was organized in Cleveland, first with a capital of one hundred thousand which was later increased to one million. The stock already sold amouts to nearly four hundred thousand and the rest is being rapidly placed by absorbing other companies and private sales to individulas in an effort to make wide distribution of the stock so that it will help in the placing of the varied business. The statement which appears in their advertisement on another page and to which the attention of our subscribers is called certainly makes an excellent showing for so young a company and one that speaks well for its very efficient management.

Just twenty-one days until trout fishing.

Mrs. E. P. Irvin returned on Sunday evening from Cherry Tree.

Miss Della Cross is visiting with her sister, Mrs. Hugh S. Taylor.

Mrs. Ray Stauffer returned on Wednesday to her home in Hazleton.

Coming soon at Garman's Opera House "The Girl and the Tramp."

Mr. and Mrs. G. O. Lintz spent the latter part of last week in Philadelphia.

James and George Uzzle, of Snow Shoe, were visitors in town on Monday.

Miss Mary Laughlin, of Lock Haven, visited here on Sunday with Miss Mary Hull.

Don't forget the Star Course lecture in the Court House tonight by Hon. August Svan, the noted Swedish diplomat.

Gilbert Beaver, of Yorktown Heights, N. Y., spent several days in town this week with his mother, Mrs. James A. Beaver.

Mrs. L. T. Munson last week accompanied her son, John, to his home in Schenectady, N. Y.

Miss Sarah Bayard returned on Monday to Atlantic City, where she will resume general nursing.

"Miss Adam of Eve" will be at Garman's Opera House in the near future. Forty others in the cast.

Mrs. John Swan returned on Saturday from Philadelphia and was accompanied by Miss Mary Lee Kinkade.

Mrs. Mollie Valentine returned home on Sunday, after a shopping trip of several weeks in Philadelphia.

Mrs. George Brew, of Roncevert, Va., was an arrival here on Monday to visit with Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Fenlon.

Miss Marie White, of Williamsport, spent Sunday here at the Brockerhoff House with her aunt, Miss Powell.

Miss Anna Taylor, daughter of R. B. Taylor, is home from Goucher College, Baltimore, for the Easter vacation.

Rev. and Mrs. Richard Mallalieu, of Williamsport, are guests of their son and Mrs. W. S. Mallalieu, of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Kelly and Hardman P. Harris were guests of friends in Unionville for supper on Sunday evening last.

Philip Shoemaker will leave the early part of next week to accompany his sister, Miss Martha, home from Mt. St. Vincent College.

Mrs. Jacob Finkelstine and daughter, Bernice, returned home on Monday from Philadelphia and Harrisburg, where they visited for a month with relatives.

Jesse Derstine has decided to enter the field for Republican nomination for borough auditor at the forthcoming primaries. The term of C. K. Hicklen expires this year.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Crider are expected to arrive home from the South the latter part of the week. They left Palm Beach, Florida, last Saturday and stopped off at Old Point Comfort several days while en route home.

Mrs. Joseph Ceader last Friday morning sold her beautiful home on Allegheny Street to Mr. and Mrs. Edward R. Richard. It is said the purchase price was $10,000. The Richards's for some time past had been desirous of getting the Ceader home, but it was not until late last week that Mrs. Ceader concluded to sell. The transfer was completed Friday morning. Some time ago Mrs. Ceader purchased the Weaver property, on Spring Street, adjoining the Presbyterian church, it being her intention to convert it into a double house for renting purposes. Mr. and Mrs. Norman Wright had decided to rent the house for the coming year before Mrs. Ceader sold her Allegheny Street home. If the Wrights occupy the Spring Street property it will be with the understanding that Mrs. Ceader is to have possession at the end of one year.

Marriage Licenses.

Register J. Frank Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

Carl H. Long, Jodie S. Duck,	State College. Spring Mills.
Joseph Fisher, Sarah Bryan,	Milesburg. "
Harry Bailey, Pearl M. Poole,	Rush Twp. "

Easter Flower Sale.

Easter flowers from Evenden Bros., Williamsport, Pa Largest growers of Easter plants in Central Penna. In the room vacated by Eckenroth paper store, High Street, on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of Easter week. Special low prices in reach of all. Place your order as early as possible, at

SOURBECK'S.

Auction Sale.

On Thursday April, 15th, Mrs. Geo. R. Quick will dispose of her entire household goods and other miscellaneous articles at her residence one mile north of Milesburg on Marshcreek road. Sale to begin at 10 o'clock. David Wentsel, Auctioneer. 3-18-4t.

Dyspepsia is America's curse. To restore digestion, normal weight, good health and purify the blood, use Burdock Blood Bitters. Sold at all drug stores. Price, $1.00.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

REPRESENTATIVE GETS ANSWER

Constituent Shows How Excess Crew Men Displace Others.

Philadelphia, March 24.

John McClintock, a Representative from Philadelphia, in reply to a constituent who asked him to vote for repeal of the Full Crew Law, wrote as follows:

"I desire to ask if you think it is right to legislate out of employment men who are now in the employ of the railroads, whose wages aggregate $2,000,000, especially at this time, when there is so much idleness?"

This question brought a rejoinder as follows:

"Replying to your letter of March 19, my answer would be, first, that there was no reason nor right in legislating into jobs some 2400 excess trainmen now employed on railroads in Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

"Second, it is axiomatic that employment to be of the largest economic advantage and for the greatest good of all, must be productive or useful in character. These excess trainmen get some $2,000,000 a year, but do nothing which adds either to the safety or efficiency of train operation.

"Obliged by law to employ these men, the railroads virtually are compelled to squander $2,000,000 which they would otherwise have to expend for useful purposes. So expended, it would provide productive work for now unemployed men and women in other lines. They would get the money for services of value."

Lands Federal Job.

Deputy Sheriff Weaver was this week appointed a special agent of the Census Bureau to make an industrial census. The appointment was made to eliminate him as a candidate for Democratic nomination for County Commissioner, also to wipe out soreness caused by recently turning him down for postmaster at Coburn.

Shoots at Husband

There was considerable excitement in Milesburg on Saturday when Mrs. Charles Sheckler, while excited through jealousy, attempted to shoot her husband with a revolver. Fortunately her aim was poor and no injury was inflicted. No arrests have been made

Can You Solve the Mystery of

The Clutching Hand?

The crimes it is responsible for are even more horrible than those credited to "Jack the Ripper." Come with Craig Kennedy, the master detective, and hunt the criminal in

The Exploits of Elaine

The Most Sensational Motion Picture Serial Ever Written

Fourteen installments of the most unexpected things that will keep you stirred to the limit of excitement!

Don't miss this big serial!

Now appearing each week in "The Republican"

In moving pictures every Monday night at the SCENIC

Palm Sunday Services.

On next Sunday morning at 10.45 o'clock confirmation services and reception of new members will take place in the Lutheran church. The subject of the pastor, Rev. W. M. B. Glanding, will be "Faithful Unto Death. "The Palm Sunday topic in the evening will be, "Royalty." At the evening service Mr. Rick, of the Bellefonte Academy, will sing. Services will be held every evening of next week, except Saturday, at 7. 30 o'clock.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year.

Charter Notice.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, Pennsylvania, on Thursday, the 22nd day of April, A. D. 1915, at ten o'clock, A. M., under the provisions of the Corporation Act of 1874, and its supplements, for a charter of an intended corporation to be called "THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF THE PENN STATE CHAPTER OF THE DELTA UPSILON FRATERNITY", the character and object of which are the promotion of moral and social culture of its members; the building up of an association which recognizes mutual assistance in the honorable labors in life, unsullied friendship and unfaltering fidelity as objects worthy the highest aim of associated effort; and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the said Act and the supplements thereto.

W. HARRISON WALKER,
Solicitor.

3-25-3.-

Auditor's Notice.

In the Orphans' Court of Centre County, Pennsylvania.

In the Matter of the Estate of George Dale, late of College Township, deceased.

The undersigned Auditor appointed by the said Court to pass upon the exceptions filed to the First and Partial Account of Willard Dale, one of the Executors of the said George Dale, deceased, and make report of his findings, restate the account if necessary, and make distribution of the funds found to be in the hands of the Executors of said decedent to and among those legally entitled thereto, will meet the parties interested for the purpose of his appointment on Tuesday, May 4th, 1915, at 10 o'clock A. M. at his offices in Temple Court, Bellefonte, Pa., when and where all parties interested are required to make and prove their claims or be forever debarred from coming in upon said fund.

HARRY KELLER,
March 25, 1915. Auditor.

Auditor's Notice.

In the Orphan's Court of Centre County, Penna.

In the Matter of the Estate of Mary E. Duck, late of Gregg Township, deceased.

The undersigned, auditor appointed by the said Court to make distribution of the funds in the hands of Ellen S. Burrell et al. Accountants, as shown by their final account duly confirmed by said Court, to and amongst those legally entitled thereto, will meet the parties interested for the purposes of his appointment on Friday, April 9th, 1915, at 9:30 o'clock A. M. at his offices in Temple Court, Bellefonte, Pa., when and where all parties interested are required to make and prove their claims or be forever debarred from coming in upon said fund.

HARRY KELLER,
March 18, 1915. Auditor.

Administrator's Notice.

Letters of administration in the estate of Mrs. Mary Singer, late of Liberty Township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment and those having claims, against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

HARRY KELLER, Attorney.
WILLIAM A. BOWES, Administrator, Blanchard, Pa.

Dr. Ella G. Smiley Dead.

Dr. Ella G. Smiley, a known chiropodist, who had been located in Altoona for several years, died at the home of her mother, Mrs. Alfretta Goss, at Pine Grove Mills, Tuesday morning at 2 o'clock, following a week's illness of pneumonia.

Two weeks ago Dr. Smiley left Altoona to nurse her mother, who was ill, and remained at the bedside of her parent until she was stricken also. Dr. Smiley was born in Pine Grove Mills and resided there until eight years ago, when she removed to Altoona and opened an office in the Central Trust building. She was united in marriage twelve years prior to locating there to Warren Smiley, now deceased. She is survived by her mother one sister and seven brothers, as follows: Mrs. J. William Kepler, of Pine Grove Mills; Clarence Goss, of Houtzdale; George, of Pine Grove Mills; Joseph, Frederick and Herbert, all of Pittsburg; Roy of Pine Grove Mills, and Charles, of Harrisburg. The funeral will be held at Pine Grove Mills at 2 o'clock today.

SEVEN BARKS will purify your blood and tone up your system, and has an unparalleled record of 43 years. Price 50 cents. Your druggist keeps it or can get it for you, or write to the manufacturer, LYMAN BROWN, 68 Murray St., New York City.

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the Robert Morris store

Eggs, per dozen	.15
Butter, per pound	.25

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Gheen & Co.

Wheat, white or mixed	$1.35
Wheat, red	$1.40
Corn, shelled (per bu.)	.75
Corn, ears, (per bu.)	.75
Oats (per bu.)	.50
Rye, (per bu.)	.70
Barley, (per bu.)	.60
Buckwheat, (per bu.)	.60

AWNINGS

Also Tents, Horse and Wagon Covers, etc. Walters Metal Shingles. Get Our Prices.

W. L. Steele, Jr.

Bellefonte Pa.

COMMERCIAL PHONE

Daniel Shank Dead.

Daniel Shank, a well known resident of Lock Haven, died at his late home at that place on Thursday of last week, funeral services being held on Sunday afternoon. The services were largely attended, testifying to the high esteem in which the deceased was held. Among those in attendance were Mrs. John Slifer and daughters Rosamond and Minnie, and Miss Hartline, of Millheim.

SEWING MACHINES

I am selling the two best Sewing Machines made—the Standard Rotary and the Eldrege Rotary.

I keep in stock other and cheaper machines and as low in price as you can buy them in Chicago.

I repair all makes of sewing machines and keep in stock shuttles and needles, also key blanks.

My shop is on West Bishop Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

G. C. Clements.

I was worried sick until he told me—

WHEN he was put to bed, I couldn't figure out how we were going to make ends meet. It takes almost every cent he earns to keep us going.

But the next day he said: "Don't worry, dear. It cost me so little that I forget to tell you I'd taken out an ÆTNA ACCUMULATIVE DISABILITY POLICY."

Doctor says he's a pretty sick man, but will pull through all right. And that policy brings us $50 a week while he's too sick to go out—and $25 a week afterward while he can't attend to his work.

You can't imagine how relieved I am. With that money coming in regularly, we don't have to worry.

ÆTNA-IZE

—protect yourself and your loved ones. Write or telephone, and let us tell you about this policy.

John F. Gray & Son

Bellefonte - - Pa.

Clothes for the Business Man

has been our specialty—it is a point we keep in mind at all times, to have ALWAYS in stock suits to fit EVERYBODY.

We don't buy clothes simply because we think they will look attractive when draped over a form in the show window.

We know that the heavy-set, well develope man must be fitted as well as the tall, slim man.

Therefore, in purchasing our stocks, we included the very clothes we think should be suited to your individual proportions.

When a business man sends a dollar on an errand, he expects that Dollar to bring back a full hundred cents' worth. It's just what any man expects and what every man is sure to get who wears a suit with the name of ADLER-ROCHESTER in it.

Montgomery & Co.